

The comicall Satyre of
EVERY MAN
OUT OF HIS
HVMOR.

[2.]

As it was first composed by the Author B. I.

*Containing more then hath been publicly
spoken or acted.*

With the scuerall Character of euery person.

*Non aliena meo pressi pede | * si propius stes
Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.*



LONDON,
Printed for Nicholas Ling.

1600.

The names of the actors.

ASPER, The Presenter.

MACILENTE. SAVIOLINA. SORDIDO. His Hind.

	{ His Ladie.		
	{ Waiting Gent		
Puntarnolo,	{ Huntsman.	{ Fungoso,	{ Taylor.
	{ Servingmen. 2.		{ Haberdasher.
	{ Dog and Cat.		{ Shomaker.

Carlo Buffone. Sogliardo.

Fastid. Briske.	{ Cinedo his Page.	{ Shift.	{ Rustici.
			{ A Groome.
Deliro.	{ Fido their Seruant.	{ Cloue.	{ Drawers.
			{ Constable and
Fallace.	{ Musicians.	{ Oreng.	{ Officers.

GREX.

CORDATVS. MITIS.



ASPER *his Character.*

HE is of an ingenious and free spirite, eager, and constant in reproofe, without feare controuling the worldes abuses; One whom no seruile hope of gaine, or frostie apprehension of danger, can make to be a *Parasite*, either to *Time*, *Place*, or *Opinion*.

MACILENTE.

A Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting that place in the worldes account, which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into such an enuious *Apoplexie*, with which his iudgement is so dazled and distasted, that he growes violently impatient of any opposite happinesse in another.

PVNTARVOLO.

A Vaine glorious Knight, over-Englissing his trauels, and wholly consecrated to *Singularitie*; the very *Iocobs* staffe of Complement: a Sir that hath liu'd to see the *revolution* of *Time* in most of his apparrell. Of presence good ynough, but so palpably affected to his owne prayse, that for want of flatterers, he commendes himselfe to the *floutage* of his owne familie. He deales vpon returnes, & strange performances, resolving, in despite of publike derision, to sticke to his owne particular *fashion*, *phrase*, and *gestures*.

CARLO BVFFONE.

A Publike-scurrulous, and prophane lester, that (more swift than *Circe* with obsurd *Simele's* will transforme any person into Deformitie. A good Feast-hound or Banker-beagell, that will sent you out a Supper some three mile off, and sweare to his Parrons (*God dam me*) he came in Oares, when he was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue that hath an extraordinarie gift in pleasing his Pallat, and will swallow more Sacke at a sitting, than would make all the *Guard* a *Posset*. His Religion is *Rayling*, and his Discourse *Ribaldrie*. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproch.

PASTIDIUS BRISKE.

A Neate spruce affecting Courier, one that weares clothes well, and in *Fashion*; practiseth by his glasse how to salute: speakes good Remnants (notwithstanding the *Base-viol*, and *Tabacco*;) sweares tersely, and with variety, cares not what Ladyes fauour he belies, or great mans familiaritie: a good propertie to perfume the boote of a Coach. He will borrow an other

mans to prayse, and backes him as his owne. Or for a need on foote can post himselfe into credite with his Merchant, onely with the gingle of his Spurre, and the ierke of his Wand.

DEIRO.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common Council for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his owne wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holdes himselfe unworthy of her: And in that hood-wink humor, liues more like a suter than a husband, standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to her. He doth sacrifice two pence in *Iuniper* to her euery morning before she rises, and makes her with *villanous-out-of-tune musicke*, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is iure to dislike.

FALLACE.

Deliro's Wife and Idoll, a proud mincing Pear, and as peruerse as he is officious, shee dores as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and onely wants the Face to be dishonest.

SAVIOLINA.

A Court Lady, whose weightiest prayse is a light wit, admir'd by her selfe and one more, her seruant *Brisk*.

SORDIDO.

A Wretched Hobnail'd Chuffe, whose recreation is reading of *Almanacks*, and felicitie, foule weather: One that neuer pray'd, but for *a leane Dearth*; and euer wept in a *fat Haruest*.

FVNGOSO.

The Sonné of *Sordido*, and a Student: one that has reuel'd in his time, and followes the Fashion a farre off like a *Spie*. He makes it the whole bent of his endenours to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched Father, to put him in the Courtiers *Cut*: at which he earnestly aymes; but so vnluckily, that he still lights short a *Sute*.

SOGLIARDO.

An essentiall Clowne, brother to *Sordido*, yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it though he buyes it. He comes vp euery Tearme to learne to take *Tabacco*, and see new *Motions*. He is in his Kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laugh'd at.

SHIFT.

A Thredbare *Sharke*. One that neuer was Souldior, yet liues vpon *lendinges*. His profession is *sheldring* and *odling*, his Banke *Poules*, and his Ware-house *Pill-bateb*. Takes vp single *Tessons* vpon Othes till doomes day. Fals
vnder

under Executions of three shillings, and enters into five groat Bonds. He way laies the reports of *seruices*, and cons them without booke, damning himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in a Bawdy house, or lay paw'd in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy Memory, that he will salute one for an olde acquaintance, that he neuer saw in his life before. He vsurpes vpon Cheates, Quarrels, and Robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are taking the *VViffe*, squiring a *Cocatrice*, and making priuy searches for *Imparters*.

CLOVE and ORENGE.

AN inseperable caſe of Coxcoms, city-borne: The *Gemini* or Twins of foppery; that like a paire of wooden Foyles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent when they ha'done. Their glory is to feast Players, and make Suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoyd the suspect of insufficiency) will enforce their Ignorance most desperately, to set vpon the vnderstanding of any thing. **ORENGE** is the more humerous of the two (whose small portion of iuice (being squeez'd out :) **CLOVE** serues to sticke him with commendations.

CORDATVS.

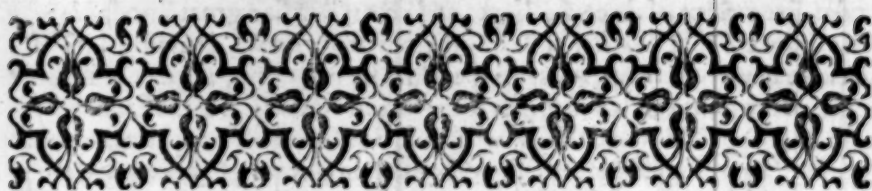
THe *Authors* friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his *Plot*. Of a discreet and vnderstanding Iudgement, and has the place of a *Moderator*.

MITIS.

IS a person of no *Action*, and therefore we haue **REASON** to afforde him no *Character*.



IT was not neare his thought that hath published this, either to traduce the *Authour*; or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar and sufficient deserts of the *Actors*: but rather (whereas many *Censures* flutter'd about it) to giue all leaue, and leisure, to iudge with distinction.



EVERIE MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOR.

Inductio, sono secundo.

GREX.

Asper, Cordatus, Mitis.

Cord. **N** Ay my deare *Asper*,
Mit. Stay your minde,
Asp. Away.

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can checke his spirit, or reigne his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead vnfeeling sence,
That heanens horride thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth, crackt with the weight of sinne,
Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heades
Blacke rau'nous Ruine with her saile-stretcht wings,
Readie to sinke vs downe and couer vs,
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And haue his lips seal'd vp? not I; my soule
Was neuer ground into such oylie colours,
To flatter Vice, and daube Iniquitie:
But (with an armed, and resolued hand)
Ile strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth.

Cord. Be not too bold,

Asp. You trouble me, and with a whip of Steele
Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.
I feare no mood stamp't in a priuate brow,
When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publike vice,

Euery man out of his Humor.

I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;
No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud
The easie flexure of his supple hammes:
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
That drunken *Custom* would not shame to laugh
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe^hem:
And yet not one of these but knowes his Workes,
Knowes what *Damnation* is, the *Deuill*, and *Hell*,
Yet howerly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,
Puffing their soules away in peri'rous aire,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lustes.

Mit. Forbeare good *Asper*, be not like your name.

Asp. O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,
And (with the wordes of *Hercules*) inuade
Such crimes as these; that will not smell of sinne,
But seeme as they were made of sanctitie;
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut shorter than their eie-browes, when the conscience
Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuours
More wretches than the *Counters*.

Mit. Gentle *Asper*,

Containe your spirit in more strieter boundes,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.

Cord. Vnlesse your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,
It is in vaine to spend it in these moods.

Asp. I not obseru'd this thronged round till now:
Gracious, and kind Spectators, you are welcome,
Apollo, and the *Muses* feast your eyes
With gracefull obiectes; and may our *Menervæ*
Answer your hopes, vnto their largest straine.
Yet here, mistake me not iudicious friendes:
I doe not this to beg your patience,

Or

Euery man out of his Humor.

Or seruilely to fawne on your applause,
Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit:
Let me be censur'd, by th'austereft brow,
Where I want art, or iudgement, taxe me freely:
Let enuious *Critickers* with their broadest eies
Lookethrough and through me; I pursue no fauors:
Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
O how I hate the monstrosnesse of time,
Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
(Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
In a meere halting fury, strives to fling
His vlc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
And streight leap's soorth a Poet; but as lame
As *Vulcane*, or the founder of Cripple-gate,

Mit. In faith this Humor will come ill to some,
You will be thought to be too peremptorie.

Asp. This Humor? good; and why this Humor, *Mit*?
Nay doe not turne, but answer.

Mit. Answer? what?

Asp. I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
To giue these ignorant wel-spoken daies
Some taste of their abuse of this word *Humor*.

Cor. O doe not let your purpose fall, good *Asper*,
It cannot but ariue most acceptable,
Chiefely to such as haue the happinesse
Dayly to see how the poore innocent word
Is rackt, and tortur'd.

Mit. I, I pray you proceed.

Asp. Ha? what? what is't?

Cor. For the abuse of *Humor*.

Asp. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
Why *Humor* (as 'tis ens) we thus define it
To be a qualitie of aire or water,
And in it selfe holdes these two properties,
Moisture and Fluxure: As for demonstration,

Poure

Euery man out of his Humor.

Poure water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne,
 Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
 Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
 A kinde of due; and hence we doe conclude
 That what soe're hath fluxure and humiditie,
 As wanting power to containe it selfe,
 Is *Humor*: so in euery humane bodie
 The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
 By reason that they flow continually
 In some one part, and are not continent,
 Receiue the name of *Humors*. Now thus farre
 It may by Metaphore apply it selfe
 Vnto the generall disposition,
 As when some one peculiar quality
 Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
 All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
 In their confluxions all to runne one way,
 This may be truely sayd to be a *Humor*,
 But that a Rooke in wearing a pike feather,
 The cable hatband, or the three-pild ruffe,
 A yard of shooe-tie, or the Switzers knot
 On his French garters, should affect a *Humor*,
 O, 'tis more than most rediculous.

Cord. He speakes pure truth: Now if an Ideot
 Haue but an *Apish* or *Phantasticke* straine,
 It is his *Humor*.

Asp. Well, I will scourge those *Apes*,
 And to these courteous eies oppose a mirror,
 As large as is the Stage whercon we act,
 Where they shall see the times deformity,
 Anotamiz'd in euery Nerue and sinew,
 With constant courage, and contempt of feare.

Mit. *Asper* (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
 The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,
 And men are growne impatient of reproofe.

Asp. Ha, ha, ha
 You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,

B.

This

Euery man out of his Humor.

This earth, these men; and all had mou'd alike,
 Doe not I know the times condition?
 Yes *Mus*, and their soules, and who they be
 That either will or can except against me:
 None but a sort of fooles, so sicke in tast,
 That they contemne all Phyicke of the mind,
 And like gald Camels kicke at euery touch,
 Good men, and vertuous spirits, that loath their vices,
 Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,
 And with the feruor of their shining grace,
 Make my braine fruitfull to bring forth more obiects
 Worthy their serious and intentiue eies.
 But why enforce I this, as fainting? not
 If any here chaunce to behold himselfe,
 Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
 For if he shame to haue his follies knowne,
 First he should shame to act them: my strict hand
 Was made to ceaze on vices and with a gripe
 Crush out the Humor of such spongie soules,
 As licke vp euery idle vanity.

Cord. Why this is right *Euor Poeticus*

Kind Gentlemen, we hope your patience
 Will yet conceiue the best, or entertaine
 This supposition, That a madman speakes.

Asp. What? are you ready there? *Mus* sit downe,

And my *Cordatus*. Sound hoe, and begin:
 I leaue you two as Censors to sit here,
 Obserue what I present, and liberally
 Speake your opinions, vpon euery Scene;
 As it shall passe the view of these Spectators,
 Nay now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin:
 And *Mus* note me if in all this front,
 You can espie a gallant of this marke,
 Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)
 Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here,
 Cries meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
 Will shew more seuerall motions in his face

Than

Euery man out of his Humor.

Than the new London, Rome, or Nineuch,
And (now and then) breakes a drie biscuit iest,
Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
He sleeps in his owne laughter.

Cord. Why? will that
Make it be sooner swallow'd?

Asp. O, assure you:
Or if it did not, yet as *Horace* sings:

"*Ieiunus rarus stomachus vulgaris tenuis,*

"Meane cates are welcome still to hungrie guests.

Cord. 'Tis true, but why should we obserue 'hem *Asp*?

Asp. O I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies,
Th'are more infectious than the Pestilence,
And therefore I would giue them Pils to purge,
And make 'hem fit for faire societies.
How monstrous and detested is't to see
A fellow that has neither art nor braine,
Sit like an *Aristarchus*, or starke asse,
Taking mens lines with a Tobacco face
In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wried lookes
(In nature of a vice) to wrest and turne
The good aspect of those that shall sit neare him,
From what they doe behold? O tis most vile.

Mu. Nay *Asp*.

Asp. Peace *Mu*, I doe know your thoughts
You'le say, your audience will except at this?
Pish, you are too timorous, and full of doubt:
Then, he a patient, shall relect all Physicke
'Cause the Physician tels him you are sicker
Or, if I say that he is vicious,
You will not heare of vertue: come, y'are fond,
Shall I be so extrauagant to thinke
That happy iudgements and composed spirits
Will challenge me for taxing such as these?
I am asham'd.

Cord. Nay, but good pardon vs.
We must not beare this peremptorie saile,

B ii.

But

Eucry man out of his Humor,

But vse our best endeouours how to please,

Asp. Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts

And I will mixe with you in industrie

To please; but whom? attentiu auditors,

Such as will ioyne their profite with their pleasure,

And come to feede their vnderstanding parts:

For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,

And speake away my spirit into ayres,

For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,

Coin new conceits, and hang my richest words

As polisht iewels in their bounteous eares:

But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience,

If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see:

Friendes sit you still, and entertaine this troppe

With some familiar and by-conference,

Ile hast them sound: now Gentlemen I go

To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,

Where(ere I do resume my present person)

We hope to make the circles of your eyes

Flow with distilled laughter: if we fayle,

We must impute it to this onely chance

"Art hath an enemy cal'd Ignorance."

Exit.

Cord. How do you like his spirit, *Mit.*

Mit. I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.

Cord. Why, do you suspect his merit?

Mit. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.

Cordatus. O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had no enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this instant.

Mit. You haue scene his play *Cordatus* pray you, how is it?

Cor. Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, onely this I can say of it, 'tis strange, and of a petticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Uetus Comædia*: a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will answer the generall expectation, I know not.

Mit. Does he obserue all the lawes of Comedie in it?

Cord. What lawes meane you?

Mit. Why

Euery man out of his Humor.

Mit. Why the equall deuision of it into A&ts and Scenes, according to the Terentian manner, his true number of A&tors; the furnishing of the Scene with *Grexe* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a dayes efficiencie.

Cor. O no, these are too nice obseruations.

Mit. They are such as must be receiued by your fauour, or it cannot be Authentique.

Cor. Troth I can discern no such necessitie.

Mit. No?

Cor. No, I assure you signior; if those lawes you speake of, had been deliuered vs, *ab Initio*; and in their present vertue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comedia*, was at first nothing but a simple & continued Satyre, sung by one only person, till *Susario* inuented a second, after him *Epicharmus* a third, *Phormus*, and *Chionides* deuised to haue foure A&tors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a fift and sixt; *Eupolis* more, *Aristophanes* more then they: euery man in the dignitie of his spirit and iudgement, supplied something: and (though that in him this kind of Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it chang'd since, in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus*, and the rest; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all libertie, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times wherein they wrote? I see not then but wee should enioy the same *Licentia* or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did: and not to be tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a fewe (who are nothing but forme) would thrust vpon vs.

Mit. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his Scene?

Cor. Mary *Insula fortunata*, Sir.

Mit. O the fortunate Iland? masse he was bound himselfe to a strict law there.

Cor. Why so?

Mit. Hee cannot lightly after the Scene without crossing the seas.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Cor. He needes not, hauing a whole Ilande to runne through, I thinke.

Mit. No? how comes it then, that in some one play wee see so many Seas, Countries, and Kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie?

Cor. O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their Auditory. But leauing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sower the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

Mit. They haue answered your wish Since they sounde.

Sound the third time.

ENTER PROLOGVE.

Cor. O here comes the Prologue: Now firre, if you had stayed a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your Prologue for you, I sayth.

Pro. Mary with all my hart sir, you shall do it yet, and I thanke you.

Cor. Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

Pro. You could not haue studied to ha' done mee a greater benefite at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessitie haue been out.

Cor. Why, but do you speake this seriously?

Pro. Seriously! I (God's my helpe do I) and esteeme my selfe indebted to your kindnesse for it.

Cor. For what?

Pro. Why for vndertaking the Prologue for mee?

Cor. How? did I vndertake it for you?

Pro. Did you! I appeale to all these Gentlemen whether you did or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but 'twill not serue.

Cor. Forc' God but it must serue, and therefore speake your Prologue.

Pro. And I doe, let me die poyson'd with some venemous hille, and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-pennie roome, againe.

Mit.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Mit. Hee has put you to it, Sir:

Cor. Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good fayth I can speake no Prologue, howsoever his weake wit has had the fortune to make this strong vse of mee here before you: but I protest;

Enter Carlo Buffone, with a Boy.

Carl. Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations; away, come, I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch mee a Glasse, quickly, I may bid these Gentlemen welcome; giue him a health here: I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yon'd Sackbuts mouth: they might well thinke hee'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play vpon him too.

Exit Boy.

Cor. Hang him dull block.

Carl. O good wordes, good wordes, a well-timberde fellow, hee would ha'made a good columnne and he had been thought on when the house was a building. O art thou

Enter Boy with a glasse.

come? well sayd: giue me; Boy, fill, so:

here's a cup of wine sparkles like a Diamonde. Gentlewomen (I am sworne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad Prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health here, Canarie, the verie *Elixir* and Spirit of

(He drinks.)

Wine: this is that our Poet calls Castalian liquor, when he comes abroad (now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good Meale among Players; where he has *caninum appetitum*: mary at home he keepes a good Philosophical diet, beanes & butter-milke, an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, foure, five of these one after another, & looke vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed *cerberus* (he do'not heare me I hope) and then when his belly is well ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little, he sayles away withall, as though he would worke wonders when he comes home: hee has made a Play here, and he calls it, *Euery man out of his Humor*. Sblood and he get me out of the humor he has put me in, Ile ne're trust none of his tribe againe while I liue. Gentles all, I can say for him, is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an olde rule, *No pledging your owne health*: marie if anye heere bee thirstie for it, their best waye (that I knowe)

is,

Euery man out of his Humor.

is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play in w
their eares. *Exit.*

Mr. What may this fellow be, *Cordatus*?

Cor. Faith, if the time will suffer his discription, I'll giue it you:
he is one; the Author calls him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common
iester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose
company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none; he will sooner
loose his soule, than a ielt; and prophane euen the most holy things,
to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerende personage what-
soeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all
manner of varietie, by his adu'rate *smiles*.

Mr. You paint forth a monster.

Cord. He will prefer all countries before his native, and thinks
he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliner his af-
fectionate conceit of forreign Atheistickall pollicies; but stay, obserue
these, hee'll appeare himselfe anon.

Enter Macilente, solus.

Mr. O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

Cord. The same, sir.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Mac. *Viri est, fortuna cecitatem facile ferre:*

Tis true; but Scioique; where (in the vast worlde)

Doth that man breath, that can so much command

His bloud and his affection? well, I see,

I strue in vaine to cure my wounded soule:

For euery cordiall that my thoughts applie

Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.

There is no taste in this Philosophie,

Tis like a Potion that a man should drinke,

But turnes his Stomacke with the sight of it.

I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleue

That beggerie is the onelie happinesse:

Or (with a number of these patient fooles)

To sing, *My minde to mee a Kingdome is,*

When the linke hungry belly barks for food:

I looke

Euery man out of his Humor.

I looke into the worlde, and there I meete
With obieſtes, that doe ſtrike my blood-shot eies
Into my braine; where, when I view my ſelfe,
Hauing before obſeru'd, this man is great,
Mightie, and fear'd, that lou'd and highly ſouour'd;
A third, thought wiſe and learned: a fourth, rich,
And therefore honour'd; a fifth, rarely featur'd;
A ſixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes.
When I ſee theſe (I ſay) and view my ſelfe,
I wiſh my *Obtrique* inſtruments were crackt,
And that the engine of my griefe could caſt
Mine eye-balls like two globes of wild fire forth,
To melt this vnproportion'd frame of Nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my hart,
And often (iⁿ the ſtrength of apprehenſion)
Made my cold paſſion ſtand vpon my face,
Like droppe of ſweate on a ſtiſſe cake of yce.

G R E X.

Cor. { This alludes well to that of the Poet,
 Inuidus ſuſpirat, gemit, incutit que dentes,
 Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.
Mu. { O peace, you breake the Scene.

Enter Sogliardo, with Carlo Buſſone.

SCENA SEC.

Mac. Soft, who be theſe?
Ple lay me downe a while till they be paſt.

G R E X.

Cor. Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.

Mu. { What is hee?

Cor. { A tame Rooke, youle take him preſently: Liſt.

Sog. Nay looke you Carlo, this is my Humour now: I haue
lande and money, my friendes leſt me well, and I will be a Gen-
tleman whatſocuer it coſt me.

C.

Car.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Car. A most Gentleman-like resolution.

Sog. Tut, and I take an humor of a thing once, I am like your taylors needle, I go through : but, for my name Signior, how thinke you? will it not serue for a Gentlemans name, when the Signior is put to it? Ha?

Car. Let me heare, how is't?

Sog. Signior *Insulso Sogliardo*, me thinkes it soundes well.

Car. O excellent : tut and all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a Gentleman : I know many *Sogliardo*s Gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of peace.

Car. I, and a Constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my Lordship you see heere, and those Farmes you came by.

Car. Good steps to gentilitie too, marie : but *Sogliardo*, if you affect to be a Gentleman indeed, you must obserne all the rare qualities, humors, and complements of a Gentleman.

Sog. I know it Signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learne, Ile assure you.

Car. Inough sir : Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke mee for you sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you and pray you, and thanke you, and thinke on you.

G R E X.

Cord. Is not this purely good?

Mac. Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard Hind as this Bee rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull That may be seene through? wherefore should he haue land, Houses, and Lordships? O, I could eate my entrailes, And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First (to be an accomplisht Gentleman; that is, a Gentleman of the time) you must giue ore housekeeping in the Countrey, and liue altogether in the Citie amongst gallants; where, at your first apparance, twere good you turnde foure or five hundred Acres of your best lande into two or three Trunkes of apparrell, you may doe it without going to a Coniurer : and be
sure

Euery man out of his Humor.

sure you mixe your selfe still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least Popular; studie their cariage and behaviour in all: learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage*, and (euer when you loose) ha'two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweares: but aboue all, protest in your plaie, & affirme, *Upon your credite; As you are a Gentleman* (at euerie cast:) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! hee cannot chuse but be a Gentleman, that ha'es these excellent giftes: more, more, I beseech you.

Car. You must endeouour to feede cleanlie at your Ordinarie, sit melancholie, and picke your teeth when you cannot speake; and when you come to Playes, bee Humorous, looke with a good starch't face, and ruffle your brow like a new Boot; laugh at nothing but your owne iestes, or else as the Noblemen laugh; that's a speciall grace you must obserue.

Sog. I warrant you sir.

Car. I, and sit o'the Stage, and floute; provided, you haue a good suit.

Sog. O Ile haue a suit onelie for that sir.

Car. You must talke much of your kindred and alies.

Sog. Lies! no Signior, I shall not neede to doe so, I'haue kindred in the Cittie to talke of; I haue a neece is a Merchants wife; and a nephew, my brother *Sordidos* son, of the Innes of Court.

Car. O but you must pretende alliance with Courtiers and great persons: and euer when you are to dine or suppe in anie strange presence, hire a fellowe with a great Chaine (though it bee Copper it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd from such a Nobleman, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, To their Worshipfull, right rare, and Noble qualified friende or Kinsman, *Signior Insulso Soghurdo*; giue your selfe stile enough. And there (while you intende circumstances of newes, or enquire of their health, or soe) one of your Familiars (whome you must carrie about you still) breakes it vppe (as twere in a iest) and reades it publikely at the Table: at which, you must seeme to take as vn pardonable offence as if he had torne your Mistresse colours, or breat'd vpon her picture, and pur-

Euery man out of his Humor.

See it with that hot grace, as if you would enforce a challenge vpon it presently,

Sog. Stay, I doe not like that Humor of challenge, it may be accepted: but I'll tell you what's my humor now: I will doe this, I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as you talke off (broke open and all) shall be left. O, the Taylor will presently giue out what I am vpon the reading of it, worth twenty of your Gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreame face of discontentment at your mans negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beate him too: I'll haue a man for the purpose.

Mac. You maie, you haue lande and crownes: O partiall Fate!

Car. Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gallant, at the first, fine pide Liueries laide with good golde lace, there's no lesse in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, when they lacke victuals.

Sog. Bir Ladie that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

Car. Debt? why that's the more for your credite sir: it's an excellent pollicie to owe much in these dayes, if you note it.

Sog. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Politician.

Car. O, looke where you are indebted anie great summe, your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, then if he were bound to you for some huge benefite, and will quake to giue you the least cause of offence, least he loose his money. I assure you (in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequious & pliant, than Gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moietie or a fourth part, it comes more acceptedly, than if you gaue them a new yeeres gift.

Sog. I perceiue you sir, I will take vp, and bring my selfe in credite sure.

Cor. Marrie this, alwaies beware you commerce not with Bankroutes, or poore needie Ludgathians: they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirites, they care not what violent tragedies

Euery man out of his Humor.

dies they stirre, nor how they play fast and loose with a poore Gentlemans fortunes to get their owne: marry, these rich fellows (thar ha'the worlde, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses) they are tentimes more peaceable, they: either feare, hope, or modestie restraines them from offering anie outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not runne a pennie more in arrerage for them, and you list your selfe.

Sog. No? how should I keepe them then?

Carl. Keepe them? Sblood let them keepe themselues, they are no Sheepe, are they? What? you shall come in houses where Plate, Apparrell, Jewels, and diuers other prettie commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would ha'those *Mercuries* followe me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not so good me thinkes.

Carl. Why after you haue kept them a fortnight or so, and shew'd them yenough to the world, you may turne them away, and keepe no more but a Boy, it's ynough.

Sog. Nay my humor is not for Boyes, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any: and Ile giue coates, that's my humor: but I lacke a Cullisen.

Carl. Why now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile bring you where you shall ha' your choise for money.

Sog. Can you fir?

Carl. O I, you shall haue one take measure of you, and make you a Coate of armes to fit you of what fashion you will.

Sog. By worde of mouth I thanke you Signior; Ile be once a little prodigall in a Humor in faith, and haue a most prodigious Coate.

Mac. Torment and death, breake head and braine at once,
To be deliuer'd of your fighting issue.

Who can endure to see blinde Fortune dote thus?

To be enamour'd on this dustie Turfe?

This clod? a hoorsen Puckfist? O God, God, God, God, &c.

I could runne wild with grieve now to behold

The ranknesse of her bounties, that doth breed

Euery man out of his Humor.

Such Bulrushes; these Mushrompe Gentlemen,
That shoot vp in a night to place and worship.

Car. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.

Sog. Nay I will examine him before I goe sure.

Car. The Lord of the soile ha's all wefts and straies here, ha's
he not?

Sog. Yes sir.

Car. Faith then I pittie the poore fellowe, hee's falne into a
fooles hands.

Sog. Sirah, who gaue you commission to lie in my Lordship?

Mac. Your Lordship?

Sog. How? my Lordship? doe you know me sir?

Mac. I do know you sir.

Car. S'heart, he answers him like an Eccho,

Sog. Why, who am I Sir?

Mac. One of those that Fortune fauors.

Car. The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.

Sog. That fortune fauors? how meane you that friend?

Mac. I meane simply; That you are one that liues not by
your wits.

Sog. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I; I haue
better meanes I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to liue
by my wits. Sblood doe'st thou thinke I liue by my wits?

Mac. Me thinkes I esteem, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha? does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worst vse a man can put his wit
too of thousandes, to prostitute it at euerie Tauerne and Ordina-
rie, yet (me thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broade side
at this, and haue been readie with an Apologie, able to sinke
this Hulke of Ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his
Contempt.

Car. Sblood tis *Macilente*: Signior, you are well encountred,
how is't? O we must not regarde what he saies man; a Trout, a
shallow foole, he ha's no more braine than a Butterflie, a meere
stuffed suite, he lookes like a mustie bottle new wickerd, his head's
the Corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd
Signior.

Mac.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Mac. You are? Gramercie good *Ianus*.

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

Car. Gods pretious, come away man, what do you meane? and you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you'd do the plague?

Sog. Why sir?

Car. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholler or a Souldior?

Car. Both, both; a leane Mungrell, hee lookes as if he were chap-falne with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, hee carries Oyle and Fire in his pen, will scald where it drops, his Spirit's like Powder, quicke, violent; hee'll blow a man vp with a iest: I feare him worse than a rotten Wall do's the Cannon, shake an hower after at the report: away, come not neare him.

Sog. For Gods sake lets be gone, and he be a Scholler, you know I cannot abide him, I had as leeuie see a Cocatrice, specially as Cocatrices go now.

Car. What, youle stay Signior? this Gentleman *Sogliardo* and I are to visite the Knight *Puntaruolo*, and from thence to the Citie, we shall meete there.

Exeunt Car. and Sog.

Mac. I, when I cannot shun you, we will meete.

Tis strange: of all the creatures I haue seene,
I enuie not this *Buffon*, for indeed
Neither his fortunes nor his partes deserue it;
But I do hate him as I hate the deuill,
Or that brai-visag'd monster *Barbarisme*,
O, tis an open-throated, blacke-mouth'd curre,
That bites at all, but eates on those that feed him;
A slaue, that to your face will (Serpent-like)
Creepe on the ground, as he would eate the dust;
And to your backe will turne the taile and sting
More deadly than a Scorpion: stay, who's this?
Now for my soule, another minion
Of the old lady *Chance's*, Ile obserue him.

Enter

Every man out of his Humor.

Enter Sordido with a Prognostication.

SCENA TÈR.

Sord. O rare, good, good, good, good, good, I thanke my Christ, I thanke my Christ for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speake Out of my diuination? O my sences,
Why loose you not your powers, and become
Dead, dull, and blunted with this Spectacle?
I know him, tis *Sordido*, the Farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that Swine was here..

Sor. Excellent, excellent, excellent, as I would wish, as I would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
And makes him swoone with laughter, O, O, O.

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeere, Let me see what Haruest shall we haue? Iune, Iulie?

Mac. What is't a Prognostication rap's him so?

Sord. The. xx. xxi. xxii. daies, raine and wind; O good, good: the. xxiii. and xxiiii. raine and some wind; good: the. xxv. raine; good still: xxvi. xxvii. xxviii. winde and some raine; would it had been raine and some winde: well tis good (when it can bee no better) xxix. inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not so good now. xxx. and. xxxi. wind and no raine. No raine? S^dlid stay, this is worse and worse: what saies he of *S. Swithens*? Turne backe, looke *S. Swithens*: no raine.

Mac. O there's a pretious filthy damned rogue,
That fats himselfe with expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers;
And he is rich for it, and elder brother,
His barnes are full, his reekes, and mowes well trod,
His garnars cracke with store. O, tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A plague consume thee and thy house.

Sord. O heare, *S. Swithens*, the. xv. day, variable weather; for the most part raine, good; for the most part raine: Why it should raine fortie daies after now, more or lesse; it was a rule helde afore I was able to holde a plough, and yet here are two daies,

Euery man out of his Humor.

daies no raine; ha? it makes me muse. Weele see how the next month begins, if that be better. August: August, first, second, third, and fourth dayes, raine, and blustering; this is well now: fift, sixt, seuenth, eight, and ninth, raine, with some thunder; I marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: the tenth, and eleuenth, great store of raine: O good, good, good, good, good: the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, raine; good still: fiftenth and sixteenth, raine; good still: seuenteenth, and eighteenth, raine; good still: nineteenth and twentieth, Good still, good still, good still, good still, good still: one and twentieth, some raine: some raine? well, we must be patient, and attend the heauens pleasure, would it were more though: the two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great tempest of raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, past expectation good:
I thanke my blessed angell; neuer, neuer,
Laid I penney better out then this,
To purchase this deare booke: not deare for price,
And yet of me, as dearely priz'd as life,
Since in it is containd the very life,
Bloud, strength, and lineages of my happinesse:
Blest be the houre wherein I bought this booke,
His studies happy that compos'd the booke,
And the man fortunate that sold the booke:
Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to mee,
As I am ioy'd and confident in thee.

Enter a Hind to Sordido with a paper.

Mac. Ha, ha, ha? Is not this good? Is it not pleasing this ha, ha?
Is't possible that such a spacious villaine (Gods ha?)
Should liue, and not be plagu'd? or lies he hid
Within the wrinckled bosome of the world,
Where heauen cannot see him? Sblood (me thinkes)
Tis rare and admirable, that he should breath and walke,
Feed with digestion, sleepe, enjoy his health,
And (like a boy strouis Whale, swallowing the poore)
Still swimme in wealth and pleasure: is it not strange?
Vnlesse his house and skin were thunder-prooffe,

D \

I won-

Euery man out of his Humor.

I wonder at it. Me thinkes now, the Hesticke;
Gout, Leprosie, or some such loath'd disease
Might light vpon him; or that fire (from heauen)
Might fall vpon his barnes; or mice and rats
Eat vp his graine; or else that it might rot
Within the hoary Reekes, e'ne as it stands.
Me thinkes this might be well; and after all,
The diuell might come and fetch him: I, tis true.
Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,
And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe:
Peace foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
„Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.

Exit,

Sord. Who brought this same sirra?

Hind. Marrie sir one of the Iustices men, he saies tis a precept,
and all their hands be at it.

Sord. I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh
Deeper then i'th their letters: They haue sent me
Pils wrapt in a paper here, that should I take them,
Would poison all the sweetnesse of my Booke,
And turne my Honey into Hemlocke iuice:
But I am wiser than to serue their precepts,
Or follow their prescriptions: Here's a deuise;
To charge me bring my Graine into the markets:
I, much, when I haue neither Barne nor Garner,
Nor earth to hide it in, Ile bring it; but till then,
Each corne I send shall be as big as Paules.
O, but (say some) the poore are like to sterue.
Why let hem sterue, what's that to me? are Bees
Bound to keepe life in Drones and idle Moaths? no:
Why such are these (that tearme themselues the poore,
Only because they would be pittied)
But are indeed a sort of lazie Beggars,
Licencious Rogues, and sturdie Vagabonds,
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plentious yeare)
Like snakes in heat of summer out of dung,
And this is all that these cheape times are good for:
Whereas a holefome and penurious Dearth

Purges.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Purges the soyle of such vile excrements,
And kils the Vipers vp.

Hind. O but maister,
Take heed they heare you not.

Serd. Why so?

Hind. They will exclaime against you.

Ser. I, their exclaimes

Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a Mountaine;

Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home

Can be contented to applaud my selfe,

To sit and clap my hands, and laugh and leape,

Knocking my head against my roose, with ioy

To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.

Sirah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellows

Get all their stailes readie againe I come.

Hind. I will sir.

Exit Hind.

Cord. Ile instantly set all my Hinds to thrashing

Of a whole Reeke of corne, which I will hide

Vnder the ground: and with the straw thereof

Ile stuffe the outsidcs of my other Mowes:

That done, Ile haue hem emptie all my Garners,

And i'th friendly Earth bury my store,

That when the Searchers come, they may suppose

All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.

And to lend more opinion to my want,

And stop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,

(Which else would still be bayting at my doore)

Each market day, I will be scene to buy

Part of the purest Wheat, as for my household:

Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,

Twill yeeld me treble gaine at this deare time,

Promise in this deare Booke: I haue cast all,

Till then I will not sell an eare, Ile hang first.

O I shall make my prizes as I list,

My house and I can feed on Peas and Barley,

What though a world of wretches starue the while?

He that will chine, must thinke no courses vile. *Exit.*

Euery man out of his Humor.

G R E X.

Cor. Now signior, how approue you this? haue the Humors exprest themselues truly or no?

Mit. Yes (if it be wel prosecuted) tis hitherto happie ynough; but me thinks *Matileme* went hence too soone, hee might haue bene made to stay, and speake somewhat in reproofe of *Sordidos* wretchednesse, now at the last.

Cor. O no, that had bin extreemly improper, besides he had continued the *Scene* too long with him as it was, being in no more action.

Mit. You may enforce the length as a necessary reason; but for propriety the *Scene* wold very wel haue borne it, in my iudgment.

Cor. O worst of both: why you mistake his humor vtterly the.

Mit. How? do I mistake it? is it not Enuie?

Cor. Yes, but you must vnderstand Signior, hee enuies him not as he is a villaine, a wolfe in the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of enuy, is *Dolor aliena felicitatis*, to haue our eyes continually fixt vpon another mans prosperitie, that is his chiefe happinesse, and to grieue at that. Whereas if we make his monstrous and abhord actions, our object, the grieue (we take then) comes neerer the nature of Hate than Enuie, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in our selues.

Mit. So you'll infer it had beene Hate, not Enuie in him, to reprehend the humor of *Sordido*?

Cor. Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe; but no man truly reprehends in another what he loues in himselfe: therefore reprehension is out of his Hate. And this distinction hath hee himselfe made in a speech there (if you marke it) where hee saies, *I enuy not this Buffon, but I hate him.*

Mit. Stay sir: *I enuy not this Buffon, but I hate him*: why might he not as well haue hated *Sordido* as him?

Cor. No Sir, there was subiect for his enuie in *Sordido*, his wealth: So was there not in the other, hee stood posselt of no one eminent gift, but a most odious and friend-like disposition, that would turne Charitie it selfe into Hate, much more Enuie for the present.

Enter

Euery man out of his Humor.

Enter Carlo, Buffone, Sogliardo, Fastidius Briske, Cinedo.

ACTVS SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Mus. You haue satisfied me sir, O here comes the Foole and the lester againe me thinks.

Cor. Twere pittie they should be patted sir.

Mus. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

Cor. No sir, this is one Monsieur *Fastidius Briske*, otherwise calde the fresh Frenchfield Couruier.

Mus. A humorist too?

Cor. As humorous as quick-siluer, doo but obserue him, the Scene is the countrey still remember.

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, & giue vs word.

Cine. I will sir.

Fast. How likst thou my boy, Carlo?

Car. O wel, wel, he looks like the colonel of a Pigmies horse, or one of these motions in a great anticke clocke: hee would shewe well vpon a Habberdashers stall, at a corner shop rarely.

Fast. Sheart, what a damnde wittie rogue's this? how hee confounds with his *fimilies*?

Car. Better with *fimilies* than smiles: and whether were you riding now Signior?

Fast. Who I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride but to the Court?

Car. O pardon me sir, twentie places more: your hot house, or your-----

Fast. By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in *Elizium* here.

Car. Hees gone now, I thought hee would flie out presently. These be our nimble-sprighted *Catse's*, that ha' their euasions at pleasure, wil run ouer a bog like your wild Irish: no sooner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another like a squitrell, heigh; Daunce, and doo trickes in their discourse, from Fire to Water, from Water to Ayre, from Ayre to Earth, as if their tongues did but euen lick the foure Elements ouer, and away.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Fast. Sirra *Carlo*, thou neuer saw'st my grey Hobbie yet, didst thou?

Carl. No, ha' you such a one?

Fast. The best in Europe (my good villaine) thou'lt say, when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a Noble man i'the Court offered mee 100. pound for him by this light: a fine little fierie slaue, hee turnes like a (O) excellent, excellent, with the very sound of the spurre.

Car. How? the sound of the spurre?

Fast. O, it's your only humor now extant sir: a good gingle, a good gingle.

Carl. Sblood you shall see him turne morrisdauncer, hee ha's got him bellies, a good sute, and a Hobby-horse.

Sog. Signior, now you talke of a Hobby-horse, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that sir?

Sog. Mary sir, I am telling this gentleman of a Hobby-horse, it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it

Car. That should not say it) on, on.

Sog. Hee did daunce in it with as good humour, and as good gard, as any man of his degree whatsoever, beeing no Gentleman: I haue daunc't in it my selfe too.

Car. Not since the Humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did you?

Sog. Yes once: marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might doo in a Humor.

Car. O very good.

G R E X.

Mit. Why this fellowes discourse were nothing but for the word Humor.

Cord. O beare with him, and he should lacke matter and words too, 'twere pittifull.

Sog. Nay looke you Sir, there's ne're a Gentleman i'the countrey has the like humors for the Hobby-horse as I haue? I haue the Methode for the threeding of the theedle, the

Car. How the Methode?

Euery man out of his Humor.

Sog. I, the Leigeritie, for that, and the wigh-hie, and the daggers in the Nose, and the trauels of the Egge from finger to finger, all the Humors incident to the qualitie. The horse hangs at home in my parlor, Ile keepe it for a monument, as long as I liue, sure.

Carl. Doo so: and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Trophée to hang ouer your Tombe.

Sog. Masse, and Ile haue a Tombe (nowe I thinke on't) 'tis but so much charges.

Carl. Best builde it in your life time then, your Heyres may hap to forget it else.

Sog. Nay I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

Carl. Noe, for Heires and Executors, are growne damnable carelesse, specially since the ghostes of Testators left walking: how like you him Signior?

Fast. 'Fore heauens, his humor arrides me exceedingly.

Carl. Arrides you?

Fast. I, pleases me (a poxe on't) I am so haunted at the Court and at my lodging, with your refin'd choice spirits, that it makes me cleane of another Garbe, another straine, I knowe not how: I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, tis agaynst my *Genius*.

Sog. Signior *Carla*.

G R E X.

Cord. { This is right to that of *Horace*, *Dum vitant stulti vitia*
in contraria currant: so this gallant labouring to auoid
Popularitie, falles into a habit of Affectation, tenpe
thousand times more hatefull than the former.

Carl. Who he? a gull? a foole? no salt in him i'the earth man: hee lookes like a fresh Salmon kept in a tubbe: hee'le bee spent shortly, his braine's lighter than his feather alreadie, and his tongue more subiect to lie, than that's to wag: hee sleepest with a muske Careuery night, and walkes all day hang'd in Poman-der chaines for pennance: hee ha's his skin tan'd ciuet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting in the sence of his sweet Ladie, A good emptie Puffe, hee loues you well Signior.

Sag. There

Euery man out of his Humor.

Sog. There shall be no loue lost Sir, Ile assure you.

Fast. Nay *Car.* I am not happie in thy loue I see, pr'y thee suffer mee to enioy thy companie a little (sweete mischiefe) by this ayre, I shall enuie this Gentlemans place in thy affections, if you be thus priuate I faith: how now? is the Knight arriu'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cine. No Sir, but tis gest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners.

Fast. His hounds! by *Minerva* an excellent Figure; a good boy.

Car. You should give him a French crowne for it: the boye would find two better Figures in that, and a good Figure of your bountie beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

Car. No crowne: speake in the singular number, and weele belecue you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceyted nowe: Sirra (*Dānation*) I haue heard this Knight *Puntaruallo*, reported to be a Gentleman of exceeding good humour: thou knowst him: pry-thee, how is his disposition? Ine're was so fauour'd of my starres as to see him yet, Boy, do you looke to the Hobbie?

Cine. I Sir, the groome has set him vp.

Fast. Tis well: I ridde out of my way, of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his: Nay good *Wickednesse*, his humour, his humour.

Car. Why he loues Dogges, and Haukes, and his wife well: he has a good ryding face, and hee can sit a great Horse; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt: when hee is mounted, hee lookes like the signe of the *George*, thats all I knowe: saue that in steede of a Dragon, hee will brandish against a tree, and breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that is deliuered of him: they say hee has dialogues, and discourse betweene his Horse, himselfe, and his Dogge: and that hee will court his owne Ladie, as she were a stranger neuer encountred before.

Car. I, that hee will, and make fresh loue to her every morning:

Euery man out of his Humor.

ning : this gentleman has bene a Spectator of it, *Signior Insulso.*

Sog. I am resolute to keepe a Page : say you sir ?

Car. You haue seene *Signior Puntarnolo* accost his Ladie ?

Sogl. O, sir.

Fast. And how is the maner of it pr'y thee good Sgnior ?

Sog. Faith sir in very good sort; hee has his humours for it first as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, shee lookes out; and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes: very prettie I faith gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior ?

Sog. O, yes sir : first, the gentlewoman shee lookes out at the window.

Car. After the trumpet has summon'd a parlet not before ?

Sog. No sir, not before : and then saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. What saies he ? be not rapt so.

Sog. Saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Fast. Nay speake, speake.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, saies he : God saue you, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Was this the ridiculous mouie to all this passion ?

Sog. Nay that, that comes after it : ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Doubtlesse hee apprehends more than hee vtters, this fellow : or else.

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting : *Aerie of hounds*
stand by, close vnder this Tarras, and you shal *within.*
see it done better than I can shew it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the obseruation else.

Sog. Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing object.

Enter Puntarnolo, a Huntsman with a Graishound.

Pun. Forrester, giue winde to thy Horne. Inough : by this the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed : Depart, leaue the Dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd, the Horne, and thanks.

Car. I mary, there's some taste in this.

E

Fast. Is't

Enery man out of his Humor.

Fast. Is't it not good?

Sog. Ah peace, now aboue, now aboue.

The waiting Gentlewomen appeare at the window.

Pun. Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the bountie of the window, receiv'd the forme of a Nymph, I will step forward three paces: of the which; I will barely retire one; and (after some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute her: 1, 2, and 3. Sweet Lady, God save you.

Gent. No forsooth: I am but a waiting Gentlewoman,

Carl. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *Humanum est errare.*

Carl. He learn'd that of a Puritane.

Punt. To the perfection of Complement (which is the dyall of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are requirde these three Proiects: the *Gnomon*, the *Puntulos*, and the *Superficies*: the *Superficies*, is that we call *Place*; the *Puntulos*, *Circumstance*; and the *Gnomon*, *Ceremonie*: in either of which, for a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile; and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her *Horison*, hee must needes erre: which I feare, he knowes too well.

Pun. What call you the Lord of the Castle? sweet face.

Gent. The Lord of the Castle is a knight sir; Signior *Puntarnolo*.

Punt. *Puntarnolo*? O.

Car. Now must he ruminare.

Fast. Does the wench know him all this while then?

Car. O, doo you know me man? why therein lies the sirrup of the icast: it's a Proiect, a designment of his owne, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking or hunting, as a ligge after a Play.

Sog. I, e'en like your ligge sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice: what yeares is the Knight, faire Damself?

Gent. Faith much about your yeares sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature beares he?

Gent. Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is Melancholly.

Car. Se

Every man out of his Humor.

Carl. So is the dog; just.

Punt. And doth argue constancie; chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

Gent. O the most courteous Knight vpon Godsearth fir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin betweene your browes fir.

Punt. Is he bountifull?

Carl. Sbloud, hee takes an Inuentorie of his owne good partes.

Gent. Bountifull? I fir I would you should know it, the poore are serude at his gate, early and late fir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, fir, he can speake the French and Italian.

Punt. Then he is trauaile?

Gent. I forsooth, he hath bene beyond-sea, once or twise.

Carl. As far as Paris, to fetch onew a fashion, and come backe againe.

Punt. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious? I know not what you call religious, but hee goes to Church I am sure.

Fast. Shid me thinke these answers should offend him?

Carl. Tut no: he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacitie that speake them.

Punt. Would I might but see his face.

Carl. Shee should let downe a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in it.

Punt. Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified: doth the Castle containe him?

Gent. No fir, he is from home, but his Lady is within.

Punt. His Lady? what is she faire? splendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O left fir.

Punt. Prythee deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

Exit. Gent. from the window.

Carl. That hee may erect a new diall of complement, with his Gnomons; and his Puncties.

Every man out of his Humor.

Fast. Nay, thou art such an other *Cuique* now, a man had need walke vprightly before thee.

Carl. Heart, can any man walke more vpright then he does? Looke, looke; as if he went in a frame, or had a sute of Wanc-scot on: and the dogge watching him least hee should leape out on't.

Fast. O villaine!

Car. Well, and euer I meet him in the citie, Ile haue him ioyn-
ted, Ile pawne him in East-cheape among butchers else.

Fast. Peace, who be these, *Carlo?*

Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso.

Sord. Yonders your god-father: do your dutie to him sonne.

Sog. This sir, a poore elder brother of mine sir, a yeoman, may dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeare: that's his sonne, my nephew there.

Punt. You are not il-come neighbour *Sordido*, though I haue not yet said welcome: what, my god-sonne is growne a great *Proficient* by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. I sir, he is a gentleman: though his father be but a yeo-
man.

Car. What call you your nephew, Signior?

Sog. Mary his name is *Fungoso*.

Car. *Fungoso?* O, he looks somewhat like a sponge in that pinckt doublet me thought: well, make much of him, I see hee was neuer borne to sitte vpon a moule.

Gen. My Lady will come presently sit. *Enter Gen. above.*

Sog. O now, now.

Punt. Stand by, retire your selues a space: nay, pray you, forget not the vse of your hat; the aire is piercing.

Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage.

Fast. What? will not their presence preuaile against the cur-
rent of his humor?

Car. O no: it's a meere floud, a Torrent carries all afore it.

Punt. What more than heauenly pitchbinde is this?

What?

Euery man out of his Humor.

*What Magazine, or treasure of blisse?
Dazle your organs to my oblique sense,
To view a creature of such eminence:
O, I am planet-stroke, and in yond Sphere,
A brighter starre than Venus doth appears,*

Fas. How? in verse?

Car. An Extasie, an Extasie, man.

Lady. Is your desire to speake with me, sir Knight?

Car. Hee will tell you that anon: neither his Braine, nor his Bodie, are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonaire, and Luculent Ladie, I decline me as low as the Basis of your Altitude.

G R E X.

Gord. { Hee makes congies to his wife in Geometricall proportions.

Mt. { Is it possible there should be any such Humorists?

Car. { Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

Punt. I haue scarce collected my spirites, but lately scatter'd in the admiration of your Forme: to which (if the bounties of your minde be any way responsible) I doubt not but my desires shall finde a smooth and secure passage. I am a poore Knight-errant (Ladie) that hunting in the adiacent Forrest, was by aduventure in the pursuit of a Hart, brought to this place: which Hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchauntment: the evening approaching (my selfe and servant wearied) my suit is, to enter your faire Castle, and refresh me.

Lady. Sir Knight, albeit it be not vsuall with mee (chiefely in the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those inward vertues, and faire parts which so strue to expresse themselves in you, I am resolu'd to entertaine you to the best of my unworthie power: which I acknowledge to be nothing, view'd with what so worthie a person may deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

She departs: and Pantaruelo falls in with Sordido,

and his sonne.

Punt. Most admir'd Ladie, you astonish me.

Car. What with speaking a speech of your owne penning?

Euery man out of his Humor.

Fast. Nay looke, pr'y thee peace.

Car. Pox ont : I am impatient of such fopperie.

Fast. O lets heare the rest.

Car. What? a tedious Chapter of Courtship, after sir *Lancelot*, and *Queen Guenener*? away: I mar'le in what dull cold nooke he found this Ladie out: that being a woman) she was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his Humour thur. Sblood, I thinke he feeds her with Porridge, I : she could ne're haue such a thicke braine else.

Sog. Why is Porridge so hurtfull, Signior?

Car. O, nothing vnder Heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call, *Acumen Ingenij*, than your grosse fare: why Ile make you an Instance: your Citie wiues, but obserue them, you ha' not more perfect true fooles in the world bredde, than they are generally: and yet you see (by the finenesse and delicacie of their Diet, diuing into the fatte Capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on Larks, Sparrows, Potato pyes, and such good vntuous meats) how their wits are refine and ratifide: and sometimes a verie *Quiescence* of conceit flowes from them, able to drown a weak Apprehension.

Fast. Peace, here comes the Ladie.

Enter Lady with her Gent. and seeing them, turnes in againe.

Lady. Gods me, here's company: turne in againe.

Fast. S'light our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

Car. All the better, I am glad ont: for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salure the Knight.

Carlo and the other two, step forth to Pant.

Pant. Stay: who be these that addresse themselves towards vs? what *Carlo*? now by the sinceritie of my soule, welcome, welcome gentlemen: and how dost thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Untrusse* of the time?

Carl. Faith spending my mettall in this Reeling world (heere and there) as the swaie of my Affection carries mee, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman Pheuterer, as I doo now, or one of *Fortunes* *Moytes* laden with treasure, and an empty Cloke-bagge

Euery man out of his Humor.

bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

Punt. Peace you bandogge peace: what brike *Nimfadoro* is that in the white virgin boote there?

Carl. Mary sir, one, that I must entreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinarie respect: Monsieur *Fassidus*.

Punt. Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsafte abiding heere, and more Reall entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill: and these my Orchardes were those of the *Hesperides*.

Fast. I possesse as much in your wish sir, as if I were made Lord of the Indies: and I pray you belecue it.

Car. I haue a better opinion of his Faith, than to thinke it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come brother, Ile bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace, than----

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance:
Do you take heed, least: ---- *Carlo is coming toward them.*

Sog. Hush: my Brother sir, for want of education sir, somewhat nodding to the Boore, the Clowne; but I request you in priuate sir.

Fun. By Iesu, it is a very fine sure of cloathes.

G R E X.

Cor. { Do you obserue that, Signior? theres another humor
has new crackt the shell.

Mit. { What? he is enamourd of the Fashion, is he?

Cor. { O you forestall the iest.

Fun. I mar'le what it might stand him in?

Sog. Nephew?

Fun. Fore God it is an excellent sure, and as neatly becomes him, What said you Vncle?

Sog. When saw you my Neece?

Fun. Mary yesternight I supt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too.

Sog. And what newes heare you?

Fun. The guilt Spurre and all: would I were hangde, but it is exceeding

Euery man out of his Humor.

exceeding good. Say you?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with some what else: I aske what newes you heare?

Fun. Troth wee heare none: in good faith I was neuer so pleas'd with a fashion dayes of my life: O (and I might haue but my wish) I'd aske no more of God now, but such a suite, such a Hatte, such a Bande, such a Doublet, such a Hose, such a Boote, and such a----

Sog. They say there's a newe Motion of the Citie of Nineuch, with *Jonas* and the Whale, to be seene at Fleet-bridge: you can tell Cousin?

Fun. Here's such a world of question with him now: Yes, I thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture: would he would once be satisfied. Let me see, the Doublet, say fiftie shillings the Doublet, and betweene three or foure pound the Hose, then Bootes, the Hat, and Band: some ten or eleuen pound would do it all, and suite me for the *heauens*.

Sog. I'll see all those deuises, and I come to London once.

Fun. God shid, and I cold, compasse it, twere rare: harke you Vncle.

Sog. What saies my Nephew?

Fung. Faith Vncle, I'd ha desired you to haue made a motion for me to my father in a thing, that: walke aside and I'll tell you sir, no more but this: there's a parcel of Lawe bookes (some twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for litle more then halfe the money they cost: and I thinke for some twelue pounde or twenty marke, I could go neere to redeeme them: there's *Plowden*, *Diar*, *Brooke*, and *Fitz Herbert*: diuers such as I must haue ere long: and you know I were as good saue five or sixe pounde as not, Vncle: I pray you moue it for me.

Sog. That I wil: when would you haue me to do it? presently?

Fung. O I, I pray you good Vncle. God send me good lucke: Lord (and it be thy wil) prosper it: O Iesu: now, now, if it take (O Christ) I am made for euer.

Fast. Shall I tell you sir: by this aire, I am the most beholding to that Lord, of any Gentleman liuing: hee dooes vse me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed,

Euery man out of his Humor.

doed, than can be verer'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then haue you, the Count *Gratiato*?

Fast. As true noble a Gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his loue: by Iesu, (I protest to you Signior; I speake it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but) therewith, and the Count *Fragile*, Signior *Illustre*, Signior *Luculento*, and a sort of them; that (when I am at the Court) they doo share mee amongst them. Happie is he can enioy me most priuate; I doo with my selfe sometime an Vbiquitarie for their loue, in good faith.

Carl. There's neuer a one of these but might lye a weeke on the Racke, ere they could bring foorth his name: and yet hee powres them out as familiarly, as if hee had seene them stand by the fire in the presence, or tane Tabacco with them ouer the stage, in the Lords roome.

Punt. Then you must of necessitie knowe our Court-starre there? that planet of wit, *Maddona Seruolina*?

Fast. O Lord sir, my mistresse.

Punt. Is she your mistresse?

Fast. Faith, heere be some slight fauours of hers sir, that doo speake it, *Shee is*; as this Scarfe sir, or this Ribband in mine eare, or so; this Feather grew in her sweete Fanne sometimes, though nowe it bee my poore fortune to weare it as you see sir; slight, slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, shee is the Ladie of a most exalted, and ingenious spirit.

Fast. Did you euer heare any woman speake like her; or enrich with a more plentiful discourse?

Carl. O villanous! nothing but sound; sound; a meere *Eccho*, shee speakes as she goes tir'd, in Cobweb lawne, light, thin: good enough to catch flies withall.

Punt. O, manage yout affections!

Fast. Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie one day.

Punt. Come, regarde not a Iester: it is in the power of my purse to make him speake well or ill of me.

Euery man Out of his Humor.

Fast. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my Credit and iudgement) she has the most Harmonious and Muscally straine of Wit, that euer tempted a true eare; and yet to see, a rude rogue will profane Heauen.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it sir.

Fast. Oh, it flowes from her like *Nectar*, and she doth giue it; that sweete, quicke grace, and exornation in the composition; that (*By this good Heauen*) shee does obserue as pure a Phrase; and vie as choyse Figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the *Arcadia*.

Car. Or rather in *Greene's* works, whence she may steale with more securitie.

Sord. Well, if tenne pound will fetch 'hem, you shall haue it; but I'll part with no more.

Fun. I'll trie what that will doo, if you please.

Sord. Doo so: and when you haue 'hem, studie hard.

Fun. Yes sir: and I could studie to get fortie shillings more now: well, I will put my selfe into the Fashion, as farre as this will goe, presently.

Sord. I wonder it raines not: the Almanacke saies we should haue store of raine to day.

Pun. Why sir, to morrow I will associate you to the Court my selfe; and from thence to the Cittie, about businesse, a Proiect I haue: I will expose it to you Sir: *Carlo* I am sure has heard of it.

Car. What's that sir?

Punt. I doo entend this yeare of *Iubile* to trauaile: and (because I will not altogether goe vpon expence) I am determined to put forth some five thousand pounce, to be paide me five for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Wife, and my Dogge, from the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if wee be successfull, why, there will be xxv. thousand pounce to entertaine time withall. Nay, go not neighbour *Sordido*; stay to night, and helpe to make our societie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolicke: *Carlo*? what? dull now?

Car. I

Euery man out of his Humor.

Car. I was thinking on your Proiect sir; and you call it so: is this the Dogge goes with you?

Punt. This is the Dogge Sir.

Car. He do'not go bare-foote, does he?

Punt. Away you traytor, away.

Car. Nay afore God, I speake simply; he may pricke his foote with a thorne, and bee as much as the whole venter is woorth. Besides, for a Dogge that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iourney to *Constantinople*: Ile tell you nowe (and hee were mine) Ild haue some present conference with a Physitian, what *Antidotes* were good to giue him, and *Preseruatiues* against poyson: for (assure you) if once your money bee out, there will be diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *Animall*.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is Signior *Deliro*s wife your kinswoman?

Sog. I sir, she is my Neece, my brothers daughter heere, and my Nephewes sister.

Sord. Doo you know her sir?

Fast. O God sir, Signior *Deliro* her husband is my Merchant.

Fnn. I, haue seene this Gentleman there, often.

Fast. I crie you mercy sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

Fnn. *Fungoso* sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Fungoso*, I shall request to know you bet-

Fnn. I am her brother sir. (ter sir.

Fast. In faire time sir.

Punt. Come Gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

Fast. Nay pray you sir; we shal meet at Signior *Deliro*s often.

Sog. You shall ha'me at the Herals office sir, for some weeks or so, at my first coming vp. Come *Carlo*. Exeunt.

G R E X.

Mit. Me thinks *Cordatus*, he dwelt somewhat too long on this Scene: it hung in the hand.

Cord. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and to haue made the Humors perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his Subiect lies: but he might haue altered the shape of Argument, and explicated hem better in single Scenes.

Euery man out of his Humor. 1

Cord. That had bene Single indeed : why ? be they not the same persons in this, as they would haue bene in those ? and is it not an obiect of more State, to behold the Scene full, and relieu'd with varietie of Speakers to the end, then to see a vast emptie stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt downe with a feather into the eye of the Audience ?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'll subscribe to your iudgement ; marry you shal giue me leaue to make objections.

Cord. O what else ? it's the speciall intent of the Author you should do so : for thereby others (that are present) may as well be satisfied, who happily would obiect the same you do.

Mit. So sir, but when appears *Macilente* againe ?

Enter Macilente, Deliro, Fido, with hearbs and perfumes.

Cord. Mary he stayes but till our silence giue him leaue : here he comes, and with him, Signior *Deliro* a Merchant, at whose house he is come to sojourne : Make your own obseruation now : onely transfer your thoughts to the Citie with the Scene : where, suppose they speake.

SCENA TERTIA.

Deliro. I'll tell you by and by sir.
Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my house,
To sojourne euen for euer, if my best
In cates, and euery sort of good intreaty
May moue you stay with me.

Deliro turnes to his boy, and fals a strowing of flowers.

Mac. I thanke you sir :
And yet the muffled Fates (had it pleas'd them)
Might haue suppli'd me from their owne full store
Without this word (*I thanke you*) to a foole.
I see no reason why that Dog (call'd *Chance*)
Should fawne vpon this fellow more than me :
I am a man, and I haue Limmes, Flesh, Bloud,
Bones, Sinewes, and a Soule as well as he.

My

Euery man out of his Humor.

My parts are euery way as good as his,
If I said better? why I did not lie;
Nath'lesse his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
Must make me bow, and crie: *I thanke you sir.*

Del. Dispatch, take heed your mistresse see you not.

Fido. I warrant you sir. *Exit Fido.*

Del. Nay gentle friend be merry, raise your lookes,
Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)
You are the man most welcome in the world.

Mac. *I thanke you sir, I know my cue I thinke.*

Enter Fido with two Censors.

Fido. Where will you haue 'hem burne sir?

Del. Here good *Fido*:

What? she did not see thee?

Fido. No sir.

Del. That's well:

Strew, strew, good *Fido*, the freshest flowers, so.

Mac. What meanes this Signior *Desiro*?

Del. Cast in more Frankincence, yet more, well said.

O *Macilente*, I haue such a wife,
So passing faire, so passing faire vnkind,
And of such worth and right to be vnkind,
(Since no man can be worthie of her kindnesse.)

Mac. What can there not?

Del. No, that is sure as death,

No man aliue: I doo not say *is not*:

But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse.

Nay that is certaine, let me doo her Right:

How said I? doo her Right? as though I could,

As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vtter

The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite Rights

That sir (as high as I can looke) within her.

Mac. This is such dotage as was neuer heard.

Del. Well, this must needs be graunted.

Mac. Graunted quoth you?

Del. Nay *Macilente*, do not so discredit

Euery man out of his Humor.

The goodnes of your iudgement to denie it,
For I doo speake the very least of her.
And I would craue and beg no more of heauen
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To viter first in fit tearmes, what she is,
And then the true ioyes I conceiue in her.

Maci. Is't possible she should deserue so well
As you pretend?

Del. I, and she knowes so well
Her owne deserts that (when I strue t'enioy them)
She waies the thing I doo, with what she merits:
And (seeing my worth outwai'd so in her graces)
She is so solemne, so precise, so froward,
That no obseruance I can doo to her,
Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,
I mend that fault, and then she saies I faulted
That I did mend it. Now good Friend aduise me
How I may temper this strange Splene in her.

Maci. You are too amorous, too obsequious,
And make her, too assur'd she may command you,
When women doubt most of their husbands loues,
They are most louing. Husbands must take heed
They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,
But vse them like their Horses, whom they feed
Not with a manger-full of meat together,
But halfe a pecke at once, and keepe them so
Still with an appetite to that they giue them.
He that desires to haue a louing wife,
Must bridle all the shew of that desire:
Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindnesse,
As if loue wrought it, but considerate Dutie:
Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,
For when they come vnought, they sildome like them.

Del. Belecue me *Macilente*, this is Gospell.
O that a man were his owne man so much,
To rule himselfe thus; I will strue yfaith

Euery man out of his Humor.

To be more strange and carelesse: yet I hope
I haue now taken such a perfect course,
To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,
And haue no need to fight with my affections.
She (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
Within my house; One was too big (she said)
Another was not furnisht to her mind,
And so through all: All which I haue alter'd.
Then here she hath a place (on my backside)
Wherein she loues to walke, and that (she said)
Had some ill smells about it. Now this walke
Haue I (before she knowes it) thus perfum'd
With hearbes and flowers, and laid in diuers places
(As'twere on Altars consecrate to her)
Perfumed Gloues, and delicate chaines of Amber,
To keepe the aire in awe of her sweete nostrils:
This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her.
Behold she comes.

Enter Fallace;

Fall. Here's a sweet stinke indeed:
What, shall I euer be thus crost and plagu'd?
And sicke of husband? O my head doth ake
As it would cleaue asunder with these saours,
All my Room's alter'd, and but one poore Walke
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the plague.

Del. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too sweete?
Thou said'st of late it had sower aires about it,
And found'st much fault, that I did not correct it.

Fall. Why, and I did find fault Sir?

Del. Nay deare wife;
I know thou hast said thou hast lou'd perfumes,
No woman better.

Fall. I.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Fall. I, long since perhaps,
But now that Sence is alterd: you would haue me
(Like to a puddle or standing poole)
To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and sprightfull River,
That moues for euer, and yet still the same:
Or fire that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.

Deli. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden
Smelling on Roses and on purple flowers,
And since I hope the Humor of thy Sence
Is nothing chang'd.

Fall. Why those were growing flowers,
And these within my walke are cut and strew'd.

Deli. But yet they haue one sent.

Fall. I, haue they so?
In your grosse iudgement: if you make no difference
Betwixt the sent of growing flowers and cut ones,
You haue a sence to taste Lampe-oyle, yfaith.
And with such iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers,
Leauing no roome that I can ioy to be in.

In all your house: and now my Walke and all
You smoake me from, as if I were a Foxe,
And long belike to driue me quire away:
Well walke you there, and Ile walke where I list.

Deli. What shall I doo: oh I shall neuer please her,

Ma. Out on thee dotard, what starre rulede his birth?
That brought him such a Starre: blind Fortune still
Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them.
How long shall I liue, ere I be so happie,
To haue a wife of this exceeding Forme?

Deli. Away with them, would I had broke a ioynt,
When I deuisd this that should so dislike her.
Away, beare all away.

Fall. I doo: for feare
Ought that is there should like her. O this man
How cunningly he can conceale himselfe,

As

Euery man out of his Humor.

As though he lou'd? lou'd? nay honour'd and ador'd?

Del. Why, my sweete heart?

Fall. Sweete-heart? oh, better still:

And asking why? wherefore? and looking strangely,

As if he were as white as innocence.

Alas, you're simple, you: you cannot change,

Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with Wonder:

No, no, not you: I did but cast an amorous eie e'en now

Vpon a paire of Gloues that somewhat likt me,

And straight he noted it, and gaue commaund

All should be rane away.

Del. Be they my bane then:

What sirah, *Fido*, bring in those Gloues againe

Enter Fido.

You tooke from hence.

Fall. S'body sirra, but do not:

Bring in no Gloues to spire me: If ye doe---

Del. Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstru'd?

Mac. O, how she tempts my heart: strings with her eye,

To knit them to her Beauties, or to breake?

What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make

Me such a woman? but a man; a beast,

That haath no blisse like to others. Would to God

(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd

To some faire water Nymph, that set vpon

The deepest whirlpit of the rauinous Seas,

My Adamantine eyes might headlong hale

This yron world to me, and drowne it all.

Enter Fungoso in Briskes Sute.

G R E X.

Cord. Behold, behold, the translated Gallant.

Mit. O, he is welcome.

Fung. God saue you Brother, and Sister, God saue you sir:
I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey: I (wonder
they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine Vncle *Soghardo*
is in towne: Sister, me thinkes you are Melancholly: why are
you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for Maister *Fastidius Briske*

G

(Sister)

Euery man out of his Humor.

(Sister) did you not?

Fall. Why should I take you for him?

Fun. Nay nothing, I was lately in Maister *Fastidius* his company, and me thinkes we are very like.

Del. You haue a faire sure Brother, God giue you ioy on't.

Fung. Faith good ynough to ride in Brother, I made it to ride in.

Fall. O, now I see the cause of his idle demaund, was his new sure.

Del. Pray you good brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let mee alone. Ile put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like you my sure?

Fall. O you are a gallant in print now Brother.

Fun. Faith, how like you the fashion? it is the last Edition I assure you.

Fall. I cannot but like it to the desert.

Fun. Troth sister, I was faine to borrow these Spurres, I ha' lest my gowne in gage for them, pray you lend me an angell.

Fall. Now beshrow my heart then.

Fung. Good truth Ile pay you againe at my next exhibition: I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

Fall. I care not.

Fung. I had Spurres of mine owne before, but they were not Ginglers. Monsier *Fastidius* will be here anon sister.

Fall. You iest?

Fun. Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and that I'ld be loth to say, in truth.

Fall. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puniar-molo's*: nay sweet sister.

Mac. I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole Should weare such a sure of Sattin? he? that Rooke?

That painted Iay, with such a deale of outside?

What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha,

Good heauen giue me patience,

A number

Euery man out of his Humor.

A number of these Popeniayes there are,
Whom if a man conferre, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, Lord, what things they are!

Fall. Come, when will you pay me againe now?

Fun. O God Sister.

Enter Fastidius Briske in a new sute.

Mac. Here comes another.

Fast. Saue you Signior *Deliro*: how doest thou sweet Lady?
Let me kisse thee.

Fun. How? a new sute? Ay me.

Del. And how does Maister *Fastidius Briske*?

Fast. Faith liue in Court Signior *Deliro*, in grace I thank God,
both of the Noble Masculine and Feminine. I must speake with
you in priuate by and by.

Del. When you please Sir.

Fall. Why looks you so pale brother?

Fun. Slid all this money is cast away now.

Mac. I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

Fun. Tis but my hard fortune: wel, Ile haue my sute changde,
Ile go fetch my Tailor presently, but first Ile deuise a letter to my
father. Ha'you any pen and inke Sister?

Fall. What would you do withall?

Fun. I would vse it. S'light and it had come but foure dayes
sooner the Fashion.

Exit.

Fast. There was a Countesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day
in the preface: it did me more good by Iesu, then, and yester-
night sent her Coach twise to my lodging, to intreate me accom-
pany her, and my sweet mistresse, with some two or three name-
lesse Ladies more: O, I haue bene grac't by them, beyond all
aime of affection: this is her garter, my dagger hangs in: and
they doo so commend and approue my apparell, with my iudici-
ous wearing of it, it's aboute wonder.

Fall. Indeed sir, tis a most excellent sute, and you doo weare
it as extraordinary.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Fast. Why Ile tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chaire, which (by the grace of God) I intend presently to sit in, I had three Sutes in one yeare, made three great Ladies in loue with me: I had other three yndid three Gentlemen in imitation: and other three, gat three other Gentlewomen, Widdows of three thousand pound a yeare.

Del. Is't possible?

Fast. O belecue it sir; your good Face is the Witch, and your Apparell the Spelles, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their Circle.

Fall. Ah, the sweet Grace of a Courtier!

Mac. Well, would my father had lest me but a good Face for my portion yet; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate Wit that goes with it, I had not car'd: I might haue past for somewhat in the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you Signior, rich apparell has strange vertues: it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an excellent Wit: he that enioyes it with meanes, puts the world in remembrance of his meanes: it helps the deformities of Nature, and giues Lustre to her beauties: makes continuall Holiday where it shines: sets the wits of Ladies at worke, that otherwise would bee idle: furnisheth your two-shilling Ordinarie: takes possession of your Stage at your new Play: and enricheth your Oares, as scorning to goe with your Scull.

Mac. Pray you sir, adde this: it giues respect to your fooles, makes many Theeues, as many Strumpets, and no fewer Bankrupts.

Fall. Out, out, vnworthie to speake where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, Signior?

Del. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heauen, I wonder at you Cittizens, what kinde of Creatures you are?

Del. Why sir?

Fast. That you can consort your selues with such poore searment fellows.

Fall. He saies true.

Del. Sir,

Euery man out of his Humor,

Del. Sir I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why? what ha's hee in him of such vertue to be regarded? ha?

Del. Marry he is a Schol'er sir.

Fast. Nothing else?

Del. And he is well trauailde.

Fast. He should get him cloathes; I would cherish those good parts of trauell in him, and preferre him to some Nobleman of good place.

Del. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and I doubt not but his desert shall more than answer my praise.

Fast. Why, and hee had good cloathes, I'd carrie him to the Court with me to morrow.

Del. He shall not want for those Sir, if Golde and the whole Cittie will furnith him.

Fast. You say wel sir: faith Signior *Deliro*, I am come to haue you play the *Alchymist* with me, and chaunge the *Species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

Del. With all my heart sir, what summe will serue you?

Fast. Faith some three or fourescore pound.

Del. Troth sir, I haue promist to meete a Gentleman this morning in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'll dispatch you.

Fast. Ile accompany you thither.

Del. As you please sir: but I go not thither directly.

Fast. Tis no matter, I haue no other designment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Del. I were as good haue a *Quartane* feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're be ridde of him: (bring me a Cloake there one) Still vpon his grace at the Court am I sure to be visited: I was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and, --- Come Signior *Macilente*, I must conferre with you as we go. Nay deare wife, I beseech thee forsake these moodes: looke not like winter thus. Heere take my keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before

Euery man out of his Humor.

thee, choose any obiekt that delightes thee: If thou wilt eate the spirit of Golde, and drinke dissolu'd Pearle in Wine, tis for thee.

Fall. So Sir.

Del. Nay my sweet wife,

Fall. Good Lord! how you are perfumed in your tearmes and all: pray you leaue vs.

Del. Come Gentlemen.

Fall. A due, sweet Ladie.

Exeunt all but Fallace.

Fall. I, I, Let thy wordes euer sounde in mine eares, and thy Graces dispearse contentment through all my senses: O, how happie is that Ladie aboue other Ladies, that enioyes so absolute a Gentleman to her Seruant! A Countesse giue him her hand to kisse! ah foolish Countesse; hee's a man woorthie (if a woman may speake of a mans woorth) to kisse the lips of an Empreffe.

Enter Fungoso with his Taylor.

Fun. What's Maister Fastidius gone, sister?

Fall. I brother: he has a Face like a Cherubin.

Fun. Gods me, what luck's this? I haue fecht my Taylor and all: which way went he sister? can you tell?

Fall. Not I, in good faith: and hee has a bodie like an Angell.

Fun. How long is't since he went?

Fall. Why but e'en nowe: did you not meete him? and a Tongue able to rauish any woman in the earth.

Fun. O, for Gods sake (He please you for your paines;) but e'en now, say you? Come good sir: S'lid I had forgot it too: Sister, if any bodie aske for mine Vncle Sogliardo, they shall ha' him at the Herald's Office yonder by Pauls.

Exit with his Taylor.

Fall. Well; I will not altogether dispaire: I haue heard of a Citizens wife has bene beloued of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh ho: well, I will into my priuate Chamber, locke the doore to me, and thinke ouer all his good parts one after another.

Exit.

GREX.

Euery man out of his Humor.

G R E X.

Mit. Well, I doubt this last *Scene* will endure some grieuous Torture.

Cor. How? you feare'twil be rackt by some hard Cōstructione

Mit. Doo not you?

Cord. No in good faith: vnlesse mine eyes coulde light mee beyond *Sence*, I see no reason why this should be more Liable to the Racke than the rest: you'le say perhaps the Cittie will not take it well, that the Merchant is made here to dote so perfectly vpon his wife; and she againe, to be so *Fastidiously* affected, as she is?

Mit. You haue vtter'd my thought sir, indeed.

Cord. Why (by that proportion) the Court might as well take offence at him wee call the Courtier, and with much more Pretext, by how much the place transcendes and goes before in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that anie Noble or true Spirite in the Court (whose Sinewie, and altogether vnaffected graces, verie worthily expresse him a Courtier) will make any exception at the opening of such an emptie Trunke as this *Briske* is? or thinke his owne worth impeacht by beholding his motley inside?

Mit. No sir, I doo not.

Cord. No more, assure you, will any graue wise Cittizen, or modest Matron, take the obiect of this Follie in *Deliro* and his Wife; but rather apply it as the soyle to their owne vertues: For that were to affirme, that a man writing of *Nero*, should meane all Emperours: or speaking of *Machiauel*, comprehend all States-men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmars; and so of the rest: than which, nothing can bee vtter'de more malicious and absurd. Indeed there are a sort of these narrow-cy'd Decipherers, I confesse, that will extort straunge and abstruse meanings out of anie Subiect, bee it neuer so Conspicuous and innocently deliuered. But to such (where er'e they sit conceald) let them knowe, the Authour defies them, and their writing-table; and hopes, no sounde or safe iudgement, will infect it selfe with their contagious Comments, whoe
(indeed)

Euery man out of his Humor.

(indeed) come here only to peruert and poison the sence of what they heare, and for nought else.

Mit. Stay, what new *Mute* is this that walks so suspiciously?

ACTVS TERTIVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Canallier Shift, with two Signisses in his hand.

Cord. O, marry this is one, for whose better Illustration, we must desire you to presuppose the Stage, the middle Isle in *Paules*; and that, the West end of it.

Mit. So sir : and what followes?

Cord. Faith a whole volume of Humor, and worthie the vn-clasping.

Mit. As how? what name do you giue him first?

Cord. He hath shift of names sir : some call him *Apple Iohn*, some Signior *Whiffe*, marry his maine standing name is *Canallier Shift* : the rest are but as cleane shirts to his *Natures*.

Mit. And what makes he in *Paules* now?

Cor. Troth as you see, for the aduancement of a *Signis* or two; wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one of them take, he may hull vp and down i'the Humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It seemes then, he beares a very changing saile?

Cor. O, as the wind sir : here comes more.

Enter Orenge.

Shift. This is rare, I haue set vp my bills without discouerie.

Oren. What? Signior *Whiffe*? what fortune has brought you into these West parts?

Shift. Troth Signior, nothing but your Rheume; I haue bene taking an ounce of Tabacco hard by heere with a Gentleman, and I am come to spit private in *Paules*. God saue you sir.

Oren. A due good Signior *Whiffe*. - *Enter Clone.*

Clone. Maister *Apple Iohn*? you are well met : when shall wee suppe together, and laugh and be fatte with those good *Wench*-ches? ha?

Shift. Faith sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a fewe *Humors* and occasions : but when you please sir.

Exit.

Clone. Fare-

Eueryman out of his Humor.

Cloue. Farewell sweet *Apple John*: I wonder there are no more store of Gallants here?

G R E X.

Mis. { What be these two, Signior?

Cor. { Marry a couple sir, that are meere strangers to the whole scope of our Play; only come to walke a turne or two i'this *Scene of Paules* by chance.

They walke together.

Oren. Sane you, good Maister *Cloue*.

Cloue. Sweet Master *Orenge*.

G R E X.

Mis. How? *Cloue*, and *Orenge*?

Cor. I, and they are wel met, for 'tis as drie an *Orenge* as euer grew: nothing but *Salutation*, and O God sir, and *It pleases you to say so sir*; one that can laugh at a iest for company, with a most plaufible, and extemporall grace; and some houre after in priuate aske you what it was: the other, *Monsieur Cloue*, is a more spic't youth: he will sit you a whole afternoone sometimes, in a Book-sellers shop, reading the *Græcke*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*: when hee vnderstands not a word of eyther: if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent Linguist.

Cloue. Do you heare this reported for certainty?

Orenge. O good sir.

*Enter Puntarnolo, Carlo: two servingmen following,
one leading the Dogge.*

Punt. Sirrah, take my Cloake: and you sir knaue, followe mee closer: if thou loofest my Dogge, thou shalt die a Dogs death: I will hang thee.

Carl. Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane slaue, hee loues a Dogge well I warrant him; I see by his looke, I: masse hee's somewhat like him. Sbloud poyson him, make him away with a crooked pin, or somewhat man; thou maist haue more securitie of thy life: and so Sir, whatt you ha' not put out your whole venter yet? ha' you.

Punt. No. I do want yet some fiftene or sixteene hundred
H pounds;

Euery man out of his Humor.

pounds: but my Lady (my wife) is out of her Humor; shee does not now goe.

Car. No? how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Dogge, and my Cat.

Car. Your Cat? where is shee?

Punt. My Squire has her there in the Bagge: Sirrah, looke to her: How lik'st thou my change, *Carlo*?

Car. Oh for the better sir: your Cat has nine liues, and your wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, shee will neuer be Sea-sicke, which will saue me so much in Conserues: when saw you signior *Sogliardo*?

Car. I came from him but now, hee is at the Heraulds Office yonder: he requested me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, against his Cognifance was readie.

Punt. What? has he purchast armes then?

Car. I, and rare ones too: of as many colours, as e're you sawe any fooles coat in your life. Ile go looke among yond Billes, and I can fit him with Legs to his Armes.

Punt. With Legs to his Armes! Good: I will go with you sir.

They go to looke vpon the Billes.

Enter Fastidius, Deliro, and Macilente.

Fast. Come, lets walke in the *Mediterraneum*: I assure you sir, I am not the least respected among Ladies: but let that passe: do you know how to goe into the Presence sir?

Mac. Why, on my feete sir.

Fast. No, on your head sir: for tis that must beare you out, I assure you; as thus sir: You must first haue an especiall care so to weare your Hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your Predominant or Fore-top: because (when you come at the Presence doore) you may with once or twise stroking vp your Forehead thus, enter with your Predominant perfect: that is, standing vp stiffe.

Mac. As if one were frighted?

Fast. I sir.

Mac. Which indeed, a true feare of your Mistresse should doo,

Euery man out of his Humor.

doo, rather than Gumme water, or whites of Egges: is't not so Sir?

Fast. An ingenious obseruation: giue me leaue to craue your name sir.

Del. His name is *Macilente* sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Macilente*: if this Gentleman, Signior *Deliro*, furnish you as he saies he will with cloathes, I will bring you to morrow by this time, into the presence of the most Diuine and *Acute* Ladie of the Court: you shall see sweet Silent Rhetorique, and Dumbe Eloquence speaking in her eye: but when shee speakes her selfe, such an Anotomie of Witte, so Sinewiz'd and Arteriz'd, that'tis the goodliest Modell of pleasure that euer was, to beholde. Oh, she strikes the world into Admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expresse hem beleeue mee.

Mac. O, your onely Admiration, is your silence, sir.

Punt. Fore God *Carlo*, this is good; let's read hem againe: If there be anie Ladie, or Gentlewoman of good carriage, that is desirous to entertaine (to her priuate vses) a young straight, and vpright Gentleman, of the age of fīue, or sixe and twentie at the most: who can serue in the nature of a Gentleman *Vsher*, and hath little legs of purpose, and a blacke Satten Sute of his owne to goe before her in; which Sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in Lauander: and can hide his face with her Fan, if need require: or sit in the colde at the staire foote for her, as well as an other Gentleman: Let her subscribe her Name and Place, and diligent respect shall be giuen.

This is aboue measure excellent; ha?

Carl. No this, this: here's a fine slaue.

Punt. If this Citie, or the sub-urbs of the same, doo affoord any young Gentleman, of the 1. 2. or 3. head, more or lesse, whose friendes are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertaine the most Gentlemanlike vse of Tabacco: as first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the delicate sweet formes of the assumption of it: as also the rare Corollary and practise of the Cuban Ebolition, *EV R I P V S*, and Whiffe; which he

Euery man out of his Humor.

shall receiue or take in here at London, and enuaporate at Vxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specify the place, or Ordinary where he w^es to eat and lie, and most sweet attendance with Tabacco and Pipes of the best sort shall be ministred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR, Why this is without Paratol, this!

Carlo. Well, I'll marke this fellowe for Sogliardo's vse presently.

Punt. Or rather, Sogliardo for his vse.

Carlo. Faith either of 'hem will serue, they are both good Properties: I'll designe the other a place too, that wee may see him.

Punt. No better place then the Mitre, that we may be Spectators with you *Carlo*. Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior Sogliardo! God saue you.

Enter Sogliardo.

Sog. Saue you good sir *Puntarnolo*; your Dogge's in health sir I see: how now *Carlo*?

Car. We haue ta'ne simple paines to choose you out followers here.

Punt. Come hither Signior.

They shew him the Bills.

Cloue. Monsieur *Orenge*, yond' Gallants obserue vs; pray thee let's talke Fustian a litle and gul'hem: make 'hem belceue we are great Schollers.

Orenge. O Lord sir.

Cloue. Nay, pr'y thee let's, by Iesu: you haue an excellent habit in discourse.

Orenge. It pleases you to say so sir.

Cloue. By this Church you ha'la: nay come, begin: *Aristotle* in his *Demonologia* approoues *Scaliger* for the best Navigator in his time: and in his *Hypercritiques*, he reports him to be *Hecantontimorumenos*: you vnderstand the Greeke sir?

Orenge. O good sir.

Mac. For societies sake he does. O here be a couple of fine tame Parrets.

Cloue. Now

Euery man out of his Humor.

Clon. Now sir, Whereas the *Ingeniitie* of the time, and the soules *Synderisis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the panch of *Esquiline*, & the *Inter-nallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *Ecliptickeline* being *Optick* & not *Mental*, but by the *contemplative* and *Theoricke* part therof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable circumference*, and the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, and whereas our *intellectuall* or *mincing capreall* (according to the *Metaphisicks*) as you may read in *Plato's Histriomastix*: You conceiue me sir?

Oren. O Lord sir.

Clon. Then comming to the prety *Animal*, as *Reason* long since is fled to *Animals* you know, or indeed for the more *modelizing* or *enamelling*, or rather *diamondizing* of your subiect, you shall perceiue the *Hipothesis* or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had their *Initial inceptions* and *Notions*) to bee meerly *Pithagoriceal*, *Mathematicall*, and *Astronomicall*: for looke you sir, there is euer a kind of *Concinnitie* and *Species*. Let vs turne to our former discourse, for they marke vs not.

Fast. Masse, yonders the Knight *Puntarnolo*.

Del. And my cousin *Sogliardo*, me thinkes.

Mac. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the diuel with a shining face.

Del. Let them alone, obserue them not.

Sogliardo, Punt. Car. walke.

Sog. Nay I wil haue him, I am resolute for that, by this parchment gentlemen, I haue bene so toylde among the Harrots yonder, you wil not belecue, they do speak in the strangest language, and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you knew.

Car. But ha'you armes? ha'you armes?

Sog. Yfaith, I thanke God I can write my selfe Gentlemen: now, heeres my Pattennt, it cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

Punt. A very faire Coat, well charge, and full of Armorie.

Sog. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue seene a Coat haue, how like you the Crest sir?

Punt. I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry sir, it is your Bore without a head Rampant.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Punt. A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

Car. I, and Rampant too: troth I commend the Herald's wit, he has deciphered him well: A Swine without a head, without braine, wit, any thing indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazon the rest Signior: can you not?

Sog. O I, I haue it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking.

Car. Let's heare, let's heare.

Punt. It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous Escutcheon that euer this eye saw. Saue you good Monsieur *Fassidius*, *They salute as they meete*

Car. Silence good knight: on, on. *in the Walke.*

Sog. *GYRONT* of eight pieces, *AZVRE* and *GVLES*, between three plates a *CHEVRON* engrailed checkey, *OR*, *VERT* and *ERMINES*; on a chiefe *ARGENT* betweene two *ANNLETS*, sables a Bores head *PROPER*.

Car. How's that? on a chiefe *ARGENT*?

Sog. On a chiefe *ARGENT*, a Bores head *PROPER* betweene two *ANNLETS* sables.

Carl. Slud, it's a Hogs Cheeke and Puddings in a Pewter field this.

Sog. How like you them signior? *{ Here they shist, Fast. mixes with Punt. Car. and Sogli.*

Pu. Let the world be, *Not without* *{ Deli. and Macilente, Cloue mustard, your Crest is very rare sir. and Orenge, foure comple.*

Car. A frying pan to the Crest, had no fellow.

Fast. Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little Signior, I will salute the knight.

Car. Come lap't vp, lap't vp.

Fast. You are right wel encountred sir, how do's your fair Dog?

Pun. In reasonable state sir, what Citizen is that you were consoorted with? a merchant of any worth?

Fast. 'Tis signior *Deliro* sir.

Punt. Is it he? Saue you sir,

Deli. Good sir *Puntaruolo.*

Mac. O what Copie of foole would this place minister to one endew'd with Patience to obserue it?

Car. Nay

Euery man out of his Humor.

Car. Nay looke you sir, now you are a Gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, chaunge your moode and habite to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your Gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speak nothing humbly, neuer discourse vnder a Noble-man, though you neuer sawe him but riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man, Trust no man, speake ill of no man to his face, nor well of any man behind his backe. Salute fairly on the front, and wish 'hem hang'd vpon the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publikely, whose heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on 'hem, I'll come to you againe presently.

Exit Car. Sogliardo mixes with Punt. and Fast. (ruffe.

Punt. Sirah, keep close, yet not so close, thy breath wil thaw my *Sog.* O good cousin, I am a little busie, how does my neece, I am to walke with a knight here. *Enter Fung. with his Tailor.*

Fung. O he is here, looke you sir, that's the Gentleman.

Tail. What he? the blush colourd Sattin?

Fung. I, he sir, thogh his sute blush, he blushes not: looke you, that's the sute sir: I would haue mine, such a sute without difference, such stufte, such a wing, such a sleeue, such a skirt, belly and all; therefore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of Tables?

Fast. Why do you see sir? they say I am Phantastical: why true, I know it, & I pursue my Humor still in cōtempt of this censorious age: S'light & a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale iudgements about this towne will approue in him, he were a sweet Aisse, I'd beg him yfaith: I ne're knew any more find fault with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselves into it: For mine own part, so I p'ease mine owne appetite, I am carelesse what the fustie World speakes of me, puh.

Fung. Do you marke how it hangs at the knee there?

Tail. I warrant you sir.

Fung. For Gods sake do, note all: do you see the Coller sir?

Tail. Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stich sir.

Pun. Pray God it do not: you'll make these linings serue? and helpe me for a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tail. I'll do my best sir: you'll put it off presently?

Fung. I

Euery man out of his Humor.

Fung. I, go with me to my chamber you shal haue it, but make hast of it, for the loue of Christ, for I'll sit i' my old sute, or else lie a bed and read the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

Exit with Tailor.

Enter Car.

Carl. O, if euer you were stricke with a iest, Gallants, now, now. I do vs her the most strange peece of Military Profession, that euer was discouer'd in *Insula Pantina*.

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a Creature?

Carl. A Pimpe, a Pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the rarest *Superficies* of a humor: he comes euery morning to emprise his lungs in *Pauls* here, and offers vp some five or six *Hecatomb's* of faces and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay walke, walke, bee not seene to note him, and wee shall haue excellent sport.

Enter Shift.

Walkes by, and vses action to his Rapier.

Punt. S'lid he vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue blowne vp the church.

Carl. O you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires ere he depart.

Fast. See now he is expostulating with his Rapier, Looke, Looke.

Carl. Did you euer in your dayes obserue better passion ouer a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a Cutlers boy, or that the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I should thinke it impossible.

Car. See, againe, hee claps his sword o'the head, as who should say, Well, go to.

Fast. O violence, I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, being so prouokt.

Carl. With that, the moody Squire thumps his breast,
And rear'd his eyen to heauen for Reuenge.

Sag. Troth, and you be Gentlemen, Lets make 'hem friends, and take vp the matter betweene his Rapier and he.

Carl. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the matter,

Euery man out of his Humor.

ter, for this Rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a Hanger on,
and the good Gentleman would happily bee rid of him.

Fast. By my fayth and 'tis to bee suspected, I'll aske him.

Mac. O here's rich stuffe, for Christ sake, let vs goe,

A man would wish himselfe a sencelesse pillar,

Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:

Nil habet infelix Paupertas diutius in se,

Quam quod Ridiculos homines facit. *Exit, with Deliro.*

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your seruice?

Fast. Will you sell your Rapier?

Carl. S'bloud he is turn'd wild vpon the question, he looks
as hee had seene a Serjeant.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? now God blesse me.

Pant. Amen.

Shift. You aske mee, if I would sell my Rapier Sir?

Fast. I did indeede.

Shift. Now Lord haue mercie vpon me.

Pant. Amen, I say still.

Shift. S'lud Sir, what should you behold in my face Sir, that
should moue you (as they say Sir) to aske me Sir, if I would
sell my Rapier?

Fast. Nay (let me pray you Sir) be not moou'd: I protest I
would rather haue beene silent, then any way offensive, had I
knowne your nature.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? Gods lid: Nay Sir (for mine own part)
as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to
iniurie any Gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but: sell
my Rapier? I wil tel you Sir, I haue seru'd with this foolish Ra-
pier, where some of vs dare not appeare in hast, I name no mā:
but let that passe; Sell my Rapier? Death to my Lungs. This
Rapier Sir, has travel'd by my side Sir, the best part of France
and the low Countrey: I haue seene *Flushing*, *Brill*, and the
Haghe with this Rapier, in my Lord of *Leysers* time; and (by
Gods wil) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would—
Looke y ou sir, you presume to be a Gentleman of good sort,

Euery man out of his Humor.

and so likewise your friends here, If you haue any dispositiō to traueļ, for the sight of seruice, or so, One, two, or al of you, I can lend you letters to diuers Officers and Commanders in the Low Countries, that shal for my cause do you al the good offices that shall pertainē or belong to Gentlemen of your — Please you to shewe the Bountie of your mind Sir, to impart some ten groats or halfe a Crown to our vse, til our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and wee shall thinke our selfe. — Sbloud sell my Rapier?

Sog. I pray you what sayd he Signior? hee's a proper man.

Fast. Marie he tels me, if I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groates to his vse or so. *Id 2. m.*

Punt. Breake his head, and giue it him. *Id 3. m.*

Carl. I thought he had bin playing on the Iewes Trump I.

Shift. My Rapier? no sir: my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Reuenew, my Honor: (if you cannot impart, be secret I beseech you) & I wil maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water: (hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their Armes or clem:) Sel my Rapier? no my Deare, I will not be deuor'd from thee yet, I haue euer found thee true as Steele: & (you cannot impart sir) God saue you Gentlemen: (neuerthelesse if you haue a fancie to it sir.) *Id 4. m.*

Fast. Pr'y thee away: is Signior *Deliro* departed?

Carl. Ha' you seene a Pimpe out-face his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him that he can dissemble them so well.

Punt. True, and having no better a cloak then he has for it neither. *Id 5. m.* (Gentlemen.

Fast. Gods precious, what mischienous lucke is this? adieu

Punt. Whither? in such haste, Monsieur *Fastidius*?

Fast. After my Marchant, Signior *Deliro* sir.

Carl. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his Tyde, a good Flounder & faith. *Id 6. m.*

Oren. Hark you Sig. *Shift*, a word with you. *Oren. & Clue*

Carl. How Signior *Shift*?

Oren. What was the difference betweene that young Gallant that's gone, and you sir?

Shift.

Every man out of his Humor.

Shift. No difference: he would h'a giu'n me five pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all. (some termes.

Clon. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had ben vpon

Shift. No other than you saw sir. (Clon.

Clon. Adieu good Master *Apple Iohn.* *Exit Oren.*

Carl. How? *Whiffe*, and *Apple Iohn* too? *Hart*, what'll you say if this be the *Appendix* or Labell to both yond' Indentures?

Punt. It may be. *Car.* Resolve vs of it *Ianus*, thou that lookst euery way; or thou *Hercules*, that hast traueil'd all Countries.

Punt. Nay *Carlo*, spend not time in Inuocatio now; 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a Gentleman desirous of your name sir.

Shift. My name is *Cavalier Shift*: I am knowne sufficiently in this walke sir.

Car. *Shift*? I heard your name varied e'ene now, as I take it.

Shift. True sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent *Tabaccoist*) to grue me the style of Signior *Whiffe*: as I am a poore Esquire about the towne here, they cal me Master *Apple Iohn*, varietie of good names does well sir.

Carl. I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagine yond' Billes to bee yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should denie the *Scriptures*, I were worthy to bee banisht the middle yle for euer.

Carl. I take your word sir: this gentleman has subscrib'd to 'he, & is most desirous to become your Pupil; may you must vse expedition: Signior *Insulso Sogliardo*, this is the Professor.

Seg. In good time sir, nay good sir house your head, do you professe these sleights in *Tabacco*?

Shift. I doe more then professe sir, & (if you please to be a practitioner) I will vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinarie, Theatre, or the *Tilt-yard* if neede bee; the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe* so soone?

Shift. Yes as soone sir: he shall receiue the 1, 2, & 3 *Whiffe*, if it please him, & (vpon the receipt) take his horse, drinke his three cups of Canarie, and expose one at *Hounslow*, a second at *Stanes*, and a third at *Bagshot*.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Carl. Baw-waw. *(Countenance.*

Sog. You wil not serue me sir, wil you? I'le giue you more thā

Shift. Pardon mee Sir, I do icorne to serue any man,

Carl. Who? he serue? S'bloud hee keepes High men, & Low men, he? hee has a fayre liuing at Fullam.

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower if you please.

Sog. Sir, you shall stay and dine with me, & if we can agree, wee'le not part in haste: I am very bountiful to mē of quality. Where shall wee goe Signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and hee shall retaine, or resume them at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow mee fellowes.

Sog. Sir *Punt aruolo.*

Punt. Pardon me, my dog shal not eate in his company for a Million. *Exit Punt. with his fellowes.*

Carl. Nay be not you amaz'd, Signior *Whiffe*, what e're that stiff-neckt Gentleman sayes.

Sog. No, for you do not know the Humor of the Dog, as we do: where shal we dine *Carlo*? I would faine goe to one of these Ordinaries, now I am a Gentleman.

Carl. So you may, were you neuer at none yet?

Sog. No fayth, but they say, there resorts your most choyse Gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'hem, they all stand vp and stare at him, as hee were some vnkowne beaſt brought out of Affricke, but that'll be helpt with a good aduenturous face; you must bee impudent enough, sit downe, and vse no respect: when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauel'd: though you argue a whole day in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, discharge a good full Oth, and offer a great Wager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I

Euery man out of his Humor.

Sog. I warrāt you, I am resolute, come good Signior, theres a poore French crowne for your Ordinarie.

Shift. It comes wel, for I had not so much as the least Portcullice of coyne before. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. I trauell with another objection Signior, which I feare wil be enforc'd against the Author, ere I cā be deliuer'd of it.

Cord. What's that sir?

Mit. That the argument of his Comedie might haue bin of some other nature, as of a Duke to bee in loue with a Countesse, and that Countesse to be in loue with the Dukes sonne, and the sonne to loue the Ladies wayting-maide: some such crosse wooing, with a Clowne to their seruing-man, better than to beethus neere and familiarly allied to the time.

Cord. You say wel, but I would faine heare one of these Autumne-iudgements define once, *Quid sit Comædia*: if he cānot, let him content himselfe with *Ciceros* definition (till hee haue strength to propose to himself a better) who would haue a Comedie to be *Imitatio uitæ, Speculum Consuetudinis, Imago veritatis*, a thing throughout pleasant & ridiculous, & accommodated to the correction of maners: if the maker haue fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why; be you (that are for them) silent, as I will be for him; and glue way to the Actors.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Sordido with a halter about his necke.

Sord. Nay Gods precious, if the weather and the season be so respectlesse, that Beggers shall liue as well as their betters; and that my hunger and thirst for riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst with Pouertie; that my sleeps shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shal be full, and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merrie: Tis time that a Crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud cannot beare this crosse.

Every man out of his Humor

GREY.

Mit. What will hee hang himselfe?

Cor. Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

Mit. Beshrow me, he wil be out of his Humor then indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust hem? one saies, darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as Chruttall; another saies, tempestuous blasts and stormes, and 'twas as calme as a Milk-bowle; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with: You skie-staring Cockscombs you: you fat braines, out vpon you, you are good for nothing but to sweate night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare: you learned men, & haue not a legion of deuils, *a vostre service: a vostre service?* By heauen I think I shall die a better schooler then they: but soft, how now firrah?

Enter a Hind with a letter.

Hind. Here's a letter come from your sonne sir.

Sord. From my sonne sir? what would my sonne sir? some good newes no doubt.

The letter.

Sweet & deere father (desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me than gold or silver) I desire you likewise to be aduertised, that this Shrouside (contrary to custome) we vse alwaies to haue Renels; which is indeed dancing & makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if we Gentlemen be well attird, which our Seniors note, & thinke the better of our fathers, the better we are maintain'd, & that they shal know if they come vp, & haue any thing to do in the Law: therefore good father, these are (for your own sake, as wel as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not want that which is fit for the setting vp of our name in the honorable volume of Gentility, that I may say to our Columnators with Tully, *EGO SUM ORTVS DOMVS MEAE, TV OCCASSVS TVAE.*

And thus (not doubting of your fatherly Benenolence) I humbly ask you blessing, and pray God to blesse you.

Yours, if his owne.

How's this? Yours, if his owne? is he not my sonne, except he be his own sonne? Belike this is some new kinde of subscription the Gallants vse.

Well, wherefore doest thou stay knaue?

Away: goe.

Exit Hind.

Here's

Every man out of his humor.

Here's a letter indeed; Reuells & beneuolence is this a wea-
 chet to send beneuolence; or is this a season to reuell in? Slid
 the diuell and all takes part to vexome me I thinke, this letter
 would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne
 shines, and the ayre thus cleere. Soule if this hold, wee shall
 shortly haue an excellent crop of corne spring out of the high
 waies, the streets and houles of the towne will be hid with the
 ranknesse of the fruits that grow there, in spite of good Hus-
 bandry. Go to, Ile preuent the sight of it, some as quickly as it
 can, I will preuent the sight of it, I haue this remedie *Heauen:*
 stay, Ile trie the paine thus a little: O, nothing, nothing. Wel,
 now shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death, or any
 body be the better for my gold, or so forth. No. Alas I kept it
 from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shall walke about it, and pre-
 serue it, my sonne and daughter shall sterue ere they touch it,
 I haue hid it as deepe as Hell from the sight of Heauen, and
 to it I goe now.

Falls off.

Enter Rustics, 5. or 6. one after another.

Rust. 1 Aye me, what pitifull sight is this? helpe, helpe, helpe.

Rust. 2 How now? what's the matter?

Rust. 1 O here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get
 him againe.

Rust. 2 Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a Iustice, 'tis
 chance medley on my word.

Rust. 3 How now, what's here to doe?

Rust. 4 How comes this?

Rust. 2 One has executed himselfe contrary to the order of
 Law, and by my consent hee shall answer't.

Rust. 5 Would he were in case to answere it.

Rust. 1 Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

Sord. Oh.

Rust. 5 Masse, 'twas well you went the foote-way neighbor.

Rust. 1 I, and I had not cut the halter. *(done.)*

Sord. How cut the halter? Aye mee, I am vndone, I am vn-

Rust. 2 Mary if you had not beene vndone, you had beene
 hang'd I can tell you.

He W. 5. Rust.

Sord. You

Euery man out of his Humor. I

Sord. You thredbare horf-bread eating rascals, if you would needs haue beent meddling, could you not haue vntied it, but you must cut it; and in the midst too? Aye mee,

Rust. 1 Out on mee, 'tis the Caterpillar *Sordido*; how cursed are the poore, that the viper was blest with this good fortune?

Rust. 2 Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poore?

Rust. 3 I, and to saue so wretched a Caytife.

Rust. 4. Curst bee thy fingers that loos'd him.

Rust. 5 Some desperate tunic possesse thee, that thou maiest hang thy selfe too. (monster.

Rust. 5 Neuer maiest thou bee sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a

Sord. What curses breathe these men, how haue my deeds Made my lookes differ from another mans,

That they should thus detest, and lothe my life?

Out on my wretched Humor, it is that

Makes mee thus monstrous in true humane eyes.

Pardon me (gentle friends) I'll make faire mends

For my foule errors past, and twentie-fold

Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them;

My Barnes and Garners shall stand open still

To all the poore that come, and my best graine

Be made alms-bread, to feed halfe-famish'd mouthes.

Though hitherto amongst you I haue liu'd

Like an vnfauorie Muck-hill to my selfe,

Yet now my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,

Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.

Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing

My life and soule together. Oh how deeply

The bitter curses of the poore doe pierce!

I am by wonder chang'd, come in with mee

And witnessse my repentance: now I proue

No life is blest, that is not grac'd with Loue! *Exit.*

Rust. 2 O miracle! see when a man has grace.

Rust. 3 Had't not beene pitie so good a man should haue beene cast away?

Rust. 2 Well

Euery man out of his Humor.

Rust. 2 Well, I'll get our Clarke put his conuersion in the Chronicle.

Rust. 4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a vertuous man.

Rust. O God how he wept if you mark't it: did you see how the teares trill'd?

Rust. 5 Yes beleeue mee; like master Vicars bowles vpon the greene, for all the world.

3 or 4. O neighbour, God's blessing your heart neighbor, 'twas a good gratefull deede.

Exeunt.

G R E X.

Cord. How now *Mit.* what's that you consider so seriously?

Mit. Troth, that which doth essentially please me: the warping condition of this greene and foggie multitude: but in good fayth Signior, your Author hath largely over-slipt my expectation in this Scene, I will liberally confesse it. For whē I saw *Sordido* so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him then. (indeede?)

Cord. What? you suppos'd hee should haue hung himselfe

Mit. I did; and had fram'd my obiection to it readie, which may yet be very fitly vrg'd, & with some necessity: for though his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, & extended not to death, yet the Intent and Horror of the object, was more then the nature of a Comedie will in any fort allow.

Cord. It what thinke you of *Plantus*, in his Comedie called *Cistellaria* there? where hee brings in *Alcesimarchus* with a drawne sword, readie to kill himselfe, and as he is e'ne fixing his breast vpon it, to be restrain'd from his resolu'd out-rage by *Silenium* and the Bawd: is not his authoritie of power to give our Scene approbation?

Mit. Sir, I haue this (your only) euasion left mee, to say, I thinke it bee so indeede, your memorie is happier than mine: but I wonder what engine hee wil vse to bring the rest out of their Humors.

Cord. That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your imagination withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the

Euery man out of his Humor.

Scene stil, which now remoues it selfe from the Countrey to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and Signior *Briske* freshly futed, loose not your selfe, for now the *Epitasis* or busie part of our Subject is in Action.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco.

Fast. Well now Signior *Macilente*, you are not onely welcome to the Court, but also to my mistris with drawing chamber: Boy, get me some *Tabacco*, Ile but goe in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently sir. *Exit.*

Mac. What's that hee sayd? by heauen I markt him not, My thoughts and I were of another world; I was admiring mine owne outside here, To thinke what priuiledge and palme it beares Here in the court: Be a man ne're so vile In wit, in judgement, in manners, or what else; If hee can purchase but a Silken cour, He shall not onely passe, but passe regarded: Whereas let him be poore and meanely clad, Though ne're so richly parted; you shall haue A fellow (that knowes nothing but his Beefe Or how to rince his clammie guts in beere) Will take him by the shoulders or the throate, And kicke him downe the staires. Such is the state Of vertue in bad clothes, ha, ha, ha, ha, That Rayment should be in such high request: How long should I be e're I should put off To my Lord *Chancelars* tombe, or the *Shrines* posts? By heauen (I thinke) a thousand thousand yeere. His Grauitie, his wisdom, and his fayth, To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suraue him) These I could well endure to reuerence, But not his tombe, no more then Ile commend The Chappell Organ for the guilt without, Or this base Violl for the varnished face. *Enter Fast.*

Fast. In faith I haue made you stay somewhat long sir; but is my

Euery man out of his Humor.

my *Tabacco* ready boy?

Cine. I sir.

Fast. Giue me, my mistresse is vpon comming, you shall see her presently sir, (*Tab.*) you'le say you neuer accosted a more piercing wit. This *Tabacco* is not dried Boy, or else the Pipe's defectiue. Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to her, her braine's a very quiver of iests, and she do's dart them abroad with that sweete loose and judiciall aime, that you would—here she comes sir.

Enter Saniolina, and goes in againe.

Mac. 'Twas time, his inuention had beene bogd else.

Sani. Giue mee my fanne there.

Mac. How now Monsieur *Briske*?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes me with a cold shiuering (me thinkes)

Mac. I like such tempers well, as stand before their Mistresses with feare and trembling, and before their Maker like impudent mountaines.

Fast. By Iesu, I'd spend twentie pound my vaunting Horse stood here now, she might see me doe but one trick.

Mac. Why, do's she loue actiuitie?

Cine. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a Galliard, as she comes by.

Fast. I either. O these stirring humors make Ladies madde with desire: she comes. My good *Genius* embolden me. Boy the Pipe quickly.

Enter Saniolina,

Mac. What? will he giue her musicke?

Fast. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

Sani. Faire seruant, Ile thanke you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answere: 't'st not admirable? (Sir.

Mac. I were a simple Courter, if I could not admire trifles.

Fast. Troth sweet Lady, I shal (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you thanks for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) study more officious and obsequious regards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties: (*Tab.*) mend the pipe boy.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Mac. I ne're knew *Tabacco* taken as a parenthesis before.

Fast. Fore God (sweet Ladie) belecue it, I doe honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your loue.

Sani. I, you need not tell me that sir, I do think you do prize a rush before my loue.

Mac. Is this the wonder of nations?

Fast. O, by Iesu pardon me, I said for your loue, by this light; but it is the accustomed sharpnesse of your Ingenuitie sweete Mistresse to—— Masse your Violl's new strung me thinkes.

Takes downe the Violl.

Mac. *Ingenuitie*; I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her; which hee had done most notably, if he had sayd *Wit* for *Ingenuitie*, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soule of Musicke Ladie (*hum, hum*)

Sani. Would wee might heare it once.

Fast. I doe more adore and admire your (*hum, hum*) predominate perfections, than (*hum, hum*) euer I shall haue power and facultie to expresse (*hum*.)

Sani. Vpon the Violl *de Gambo* you meane?

Fast. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand,

Sani. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Mac. It makes good *Harmonie* with her wit.

Fast. Sweete Ladie tune it. Boy, some *Tabacco*.

Mac. *Tabacco* againe: he do's court his mistresse with very exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior *Macilente*, you take none sir? (*Tab.*)

Mac. No, vnlesse I had a mistresse Signior, it were a great *Indecorum* for mee to take *Tabacco*.

Fast. How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

Mac. Her *Ingenuitie* is excellent sir,

Fast. You see the subject of her sweete fingers there? (*Tab.*)
Oh thee tickles it so, that (*Tab.*) shee makes it laugh most Diuinely, (*Tab.*) Ile tell you a good jest now, and your selfe shall say it's a good one: I haue wisht my selfe to be that Instrument (I think) a thousand times, and not so few, by Hea- uens (*Tab.*)

Maci. Not

Euery man out of his Humor.

Maci. Not vnlike fir; but how? to be cal'd vp and hung by on the wall?

Fast. O, no fir, to bee in vse I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testifie. (*Tab.*)

Sani. Here seruant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweete Ladie (*Tab.*) In good fayth here's most Diuine *Tabacco*.

Sani. Nay, I cannot stay, to Daunce after your Pipe.

Fast. Good, my deere Ladie stay: by this sweete Smoke, I thinke your wit bee all fire. (*Tab.*)

Mac. And hee's the *Salamander* that liues by it.

Sani. Is your *Tabacco* perfum'd fir, that you sweare by the sweete Smoke,

Fast. Still more excellent: before God, and these bright Heauens, I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of *Ingenuitie*, I. (*Tab.*)

Maci. True, as your discourse is: O abominable!

Fast. Will your Ladiship take any?

Sani. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a *Wood-*

Fast. Meaning my head, Ladie? (*cocks head.*)

Sani. Not altogether so fir; but (as it were Fatal to their follies, that thinke to grace themselues with taking *Tabacco*, when they want better entertainment) you see your Pipe beares the true forme of a *Woodcock*'s head.

O Admirable Simile!

Sani. 'Tis best leauing you in Admiration, fir.

Exit Saniolina.

Mac. Are these the admirable Ladi-wits, that hauing so good a Plaine-song, can run no better Diuision vpon it. S'heart, all her jests are of the stanpe *March* was fiftene yeres agoe. Is this the *Comet* Monsieur *Fassidius*, that your Gallants wonder at so?

Fast. Heart of a Gentleman to neglect mee afore presence thus! Sweet Sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace; By Iesu, I neuer was in so vile a Humor in my life, and her wit was at the floud too: Report it not for a million good fir; let me be so farre endear'd to your loue.

Exeunt.

Euery man out of his Humor.

GREX. : *Willow 10/1, 10/1.*

Mit. What followes next, Signior *Cordatus*? this Gallants Humor is almost spent me thinks, it ebbes apace, with this contrarie breath of his mistresse.

Cord. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a generall drought of Humor among all our Actors, and then I feare not, but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himselfe here?

Mit. What, i'the old case?

Cord. Ifaith, which makes it the more pitifull; you vnderstand where the Scene is?

ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Eumoso, Fallate following him.

Fall. Why are you to Melancholy brother?

Fun. I am not melancholy, I thanke you sister.

Fall. Why are you not merie then? there are but two of vs in the world, and if wee should not bee comforts to one another, God helpe vs.

Fun. Faich, I cannot tell sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats to make his sonne a Gentleman: and yet when he has cut 'hem, he will see his sonnes throat cut too, e're he make him a true Gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first Head of our house, and yet hee will not giue me the head, till I bee made so. Is any man term'd a Gentleman, that is not alwaies i'the fashion? I would know but that.

Fall. If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I think I haue as much cause to bee melancholy, as one; for I'le be sworne I liue as little in the fashiō, as any woman in *London*. By the Bible of heauen (beast that I am to say it) I haue not one friend i'the world besides my husband. When saw you Master *Fassidus Briske*, Brother?

Fun. But a while since sister, I thinke, I know not well in truth, By Gods lid I could fight, with all my heart, me thinks,

Fall. Nay

Euery man out of his Humor.

Fall. Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

Fnn. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fall. Oh sweete *Fastidius Briske*, O fine *Courtier*, thou art he makit me sigh & say, How blessed is that woman that hath a *Courtier* to her husband; & how miserable a dame she is that hath neither husband, nor friend in the *Court*? O sweet *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*. How comely hee bowes him in his courtesie? how ful he hits a womā betwixt the lips whē he kisses? how vp-right he sits at the table? how daintily he carues? how sweetly he talks, and tels newes of this Lord, and of that Lady? how cleanly hee wipes his spoone at euery spoonfull of any whit-meate hee eates, and what a neate case of pick-toothes he carries about him still? O sweete *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*.

Enter Deliro with Musicians.

Del. See, yonder she is Gentleme, now (as euer you'le beare the name of *Musicians*) touch your instruments sweetly, she has a delicate eare, I tell you, play not a false note I beseech you.

Music. Feare not, Signior *Deliro*.

Del. O begin, begin some sprightly thing; Lord, howe my imagination labours with the successe of it: well sayd, good yfaith, heauen grant it please her: I'le not bee seene, for then shee'le be sure to dislike it.

Fall. Hayda, this is excellent; I'le lay my life this is my husbands dotage. I thought so, nay neuer play peeke-boe with me, I know you doe nothing but studie how to anget mee sir.

Del. Anger thee, sweete wife? why, didst thou not send for *Musicians* to supper last night thy selfe?

Fall. To supper Sir? now come vp to supper I beseech you: as though there were no difference betweene Supper time when folks should be merrie, and this time, when they would be Melancholy? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more Iudgement to please her.

Del. Be pleas'd sweet wife, & they shal ha' done: & would to Christ my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

Exit Musicians.

Enter Macilente.

Maci. God

Euery man out of his Humor.

Maci. God saue you Ladie; where is Master *Deliro*?

Deli. Here, Master *Macilente*: you'r welcome frō the Court Sir; no doubt you haue beene grac't exceedingly of Master *Brisks* Mistrelle, and the rest of the Ladies for his sake?

Mac. Alas, the poore *Phantasticke*, hee's scarce knowne To any Lady there: and those that know him, Know him the simplest man of all they know: Deride, and play vpon his amorous Humors, Though hee but Apishly doth imitate The Gallans't Courtiers, kissing Ladies Pumps, Holding the Cloth for them, praying their Wits, And seruiely obseruing euery one, May doe them pleasure: Fearefull to bee scene With any man (though hee bee ne're so worthy) That's not in grace with some that are the greatest. Thus Courtiers doe, and these hee counterfeits, But sets not such a sightly carriage Vpon their vanities, as they themselues; And therefore they despise him: for indeed Hee's like a *Zani* to a Tumbler, That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

Fall. Here's an vnthankful spitefull wretch; the good Gentleman vouchsaf't to make him his companion (because my husband put him into a few Rags) and now see how the vn-rude Rascall back-bites him.

Deli. Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem then? say you?

Mac. Faith like a pawne at *Cheffe*, fils vp a rounge, that's all,

Fall. O monster of men! can the Earth beare such an enuious Caytiffe?

Deli. Well, I repent me I e're credited him so much: but (now I see what he is, & that his masking vizor is off) I'll forbear him no longer, al his lands are morgag'd to me, and forfeited; besides, I haue bonds of his in my hand for the receit of now xx pound, now xxx, now xxv: still as he has had a Fanne but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Sute. Wel, I'll salute him by a *Sergeāt*, the next time I see him yfaith, I'll Sute him.

Maci.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Mac. Why, you may soone see him sir, for he is to meet Signior *Puntaruolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange* presently, where he meanes to take vp vpon returne.

Fall. Now out vpon thee *Indar*; canst thou not bee content to backe-bite thy friend, but thou wilt betray him? wilt thou seeke the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you sir get your living by the counsell of Traitors?

Deli. Deere wife haue patience.

Fall. The house will fall, the ground will open, & swallow vs: Ile not bide here for all the gold and siluer in Heauen. *Exit.*

Deli. O good *Macilente* let's follow and appeale her, or the Peace of my life is at an end. *Exit.*

Maci. Now *Pease*, and not *Peace* feede that life, whose head hangs so heavily ouer a womans Manger. *Exit.*

Enter Fallace running, at another doore, and claps it to.

Fall. Helpe me, brother: Gods body and you come here, Ile doe my selfe a mischief.

Deli. Nay, heare me sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue me goe, I will not go. *Within.*

Fall. I ut, you shall n'ere ha' that vantage of mee, to say you are vndone by mee: Ile not bid you stay, I, Brother, sweete brother, here's foure Angels, Ile giue you toward your Sure; for the loue of Iesu, and as euer you came of Christen creature, make haste to the water side (you know where Master *Fassidius* vses to land) and giue him warning of my husbands intent; and tell him of that leane Rascals trecherie: O Iesu, how my flesh rises at him? nay, sweete brother make haste, you may say I would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time would not suffer it: He cannot choise but take it extraordinarily from mee: and Commend mee to him good brother: say I sent you, *Exit.*

Fang. Let mee see these foure Angels: and then fortie shillings more I can borrow on my gowne in *Petter-lane*: well, I will goo presently, say on my Sure, pay as much money as I haue, and swear my selfe into Credit with my Taylor for the rest. *Exit.*

Euery man out of his Humor.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Deliro with Macilente, speaking as they passe
ouer the Stage.*

Deli. O, on my soule you wrong her *Macilente*,
Though she be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

Mac. Well, then haue I no iudgement; would any woman
(but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into
that immodest and violent Passion against her husband; or is't
possible——

Deli. If you loue me, forbear; all the Arguments i'the world
shall neuer wrest my heart to beleue it. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Cord. How like you the Deciphering of his Dotage?

Mit. O, strangely; and of the others enuie too, that labours
so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here
comes the Knight Aduenturer.

Cord. I, and his Scribe with him.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Puntarnolo, Notario, With Servingmen.

Punt. I wonder Monsieur *Falidius* comes not; but *Notario*,
if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will giue thee
the *Theorie*.

Not. With all my heart sir; and i'll fall in hand with 'hem
presently.

Punt. Well then, first; the *Summe* is to bee vnderstood.

Not. Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our seuerall *Appellations*, and *Character* of my
Dogge and Cat must bee knowne: I heu him the Cat sirrah.

Not. So sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended *Point*, is the Turks Court in
Constantinople: the Time limited for our returne, a yeere: and
that if either of vs miscarrie, the whole Venter is lost. These are
Generall; conceiust thou: or if either of vs turne *Turque*.

Not. I sir.

Punt. Now for Particulars: that I may make my trauailes by

See

Euery man out of his Humor.

Sea or Land for my best liking : and that (hiring a Coach for my selfe) it shall be lawfull for my Cat and Dog to ride with me in the sayd Coach.

Not. Very good sir.

Punt. That I may chioose to giue my Dogge or Cat Fish, for feare of bones, or any other Nutriment, that (by the iudgement of the most Autentical Physicians where I trauaile) shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well sir.

Pun. That (after the receit of his mony) he shall neither in his owne person, or any other, either by direct, or indirect meanes, as *Magicke*, *Witchcraft*, or other such *Exotick* Arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the preiudice of Mee, my Dogge, or my Cat : Neither shall I vse the helpe of any such Sorceries or Enchantments ; as Vnctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible, by vertue of a Powder, or a Ring, or to hang any three forked charme about my Dogs necke, secretly conuey'd into his Collar : vnderstand you? but that all bee performed, sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

Not. So sir.

Punt. That (for testimonie of the performance) my selfe am to bring thence a Turke's *Mustachio*, my Dog a Hares lip, and my Cat, the traine or taile of a Rat.

Not. 'Tis done sir.

Pun. 'Tis said sir, not done sir; but forward. That vpon my returne and landing on the Towre wharfe, with the aforesaid Testimonie, I am to receiue five for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

Not. Well sir.

Punt. Provided, that if before our departure or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse, or any other casuall event, so that the whole course of the *Adventure* bee hindered thereby; that then, Hee is to returne, and I am to receiue the prenominated Proportion, vpon fayre and equall termes.

Not. Very good sir; is this all?

Euery man out of his Humor.

Punt. It is all fir; and dispatch them good *Notarie*.

Not. As fast as is possible fir, *Exit.* *Enter Carlo.*

Punt. O *Carlo*, welcome: saw you Mounſier *Briske*?

Carl. Not I, did hee appoynt you to meete here?

Punt. I, and I muſe hee ſhould bee ſo tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintaine his promiſe.

Carl. Is his houre paſt?

Punt. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Carl. Tut, be not iealous of him; hee will ſooner breake all the tenne Commandements, than his Houre; vpon my life in ſuch a caſe truſt him.

Punt. Mee thinkes *Carlo*, you looke very ſmooth: ha?

Carl. Why, I come but now from a Hot-houſe, I muſt needes looke ſmooth.

Punt. From a Hot-houſe?

Carl. I, do you make a wonder on't, why it's your onely *Phicke*. Let a man ſweate once a weeke in a Hot-houſe, and be wel rubd and froed with a good plumpe iuicie wench, and ſweete Linnen, hee ſhall nere ha' the Poxe.

Punt. What? the French Poxe?

Carl. The French Poxe! our Poxe: S'bloud we haue 'hem in as good forme as they man; what?

Punt. Let me periſh, but thou art a Villaine: was your new created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo*?

Carl. O *Porpuſe*, hang him, no: hee's a Lieger at *Hornes* Ordinarie yonder: his villanous *Ganimede* and hee ha' bin droning a *Tabacco* Pipe there, euer ſin' yeſter-day noone.

Punt. Who? Signior *Tripartite*, that would giue my Dogge the *Whiſſe*?

Carl. I, he: they haue hir'd a chamber and all priuate to practice in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit*, *Reciprocall*, and a number of other myſteries, not yet extant, I brought ſome dozen or twentie Gallants this morning to view 'hem, (as you'd doe a piece of *Perspective*) in at a key-hole; and there we might ſee *Sogliardo* ſit in a Chaire, holding his ſnowt vp, like a Sow vnder an Apple tree, while th'other open'd his noſtrilles with a Poking-

Euery man out of his Humor.

Poking-sticke, to giue the smoke a more free deliuerie. They had spit some three or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore we came away.

Punt. How with three or fourescore ounces?

Carl. I, and preferu'd it in porrengers, as a Barber does his Bloud, when hee prickes a veine.

Punt. Out Pagan; how dost thou pricke the Vaine of thy

Carl. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i' the world? ha? S'lid I ne're relisht it yet.

Punt. Thy Humor is the more dangerous.

Carl. No not a whit Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in all: I can oyle my tongue when I meete him next, and looke with a good slicke forehead; 'twill take away all foyle of Suspicion, and that's inough; what *Lynceus* can see my heart? Pish, the title of a Friend, it's a vaine idle thing, onely venerable among fooles; you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit, affect it.

Enter Deliro and Macilente.

Del. Saue you good sir Punt.

Punt. Signior Deliro! welcome.

Del. Pray you sir, did you see master *Fassidins Briske*? I heard he was to meete your Worship here.

Punt. You heard no Figment sir, I doe expect him euery minute my Watch strikes.

Del. In good time sir.

Carl. There's a fellow now, looks like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*, mary his wits after ten i' the hundred. A good Bloudhound, a close mouth'd Dog, hee followes the sent well, marrie hee's at a fault now me thinks.

Punt. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

Carl. O I cannot abide these limmes of *Sattin*, or rather *Sathan* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darknesse) all day in a melancholy shop; with their pockets full of Blankes, ready to swallow vp as many poore vnthrifts, as come within the verge.

Punt. So: and what hast thou for him that is with him now?

Carl. O

Euery man out of his Humor.

Car. O (Damne me) *Immortalitie*, Ile not meddle with him;
the pure *Element of Fire*, all *Spirit*, *Extraction*.

Punt. How *Carlo*: ha, what is hee man?

Carl. A scholler, *Macilente*, doe you not know him? a Ianke
raw-bon'd *Anatomie*, he walks vp and down like a charg'd mus-
ket, no man dares encounter him; that's his Rest there.

Punt. His Rest? why has he a forked head?

Carl. Pardon me, that's to bee suspended, you are too quicke,
too apprehensiu.

Deli. Troth (now I think on't) Ile defer it til some other time.

Maci. Gods precious, not by any meanes Signior, you shall
not lose this opportunitie, hee will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes saith *Macilente*, 'tis best. For looke you sir, I shall so
exceedingly offend my wife in't, that ———

Mac. Your wife? now for shame loose these thoughts, and
become the master of your own spirits. Should I (if I had a wife)
suffer my self to be thus passionately caried (too & fro) with the
streame of her Humor? and neglect my deepest affaires, to serue
her affections? Sbloud I would geld my selfe first.

Deli. O but Signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you wold—

Mac. Such a wife? Now God hate mee sir, if euer I discern'd
any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I haue: I
haue seen some that ha' bin thought fairer thā she, in my time;
and I haue seen those ha' not beene altogether so tall, esteem'd
proper women; and I haue seen lesse Noes grow vpon sweeter
Faces, that haue done very well too in my iudgement: but in
good faith Signior for all this, the Gentlewoman is a good pre-
tie proud hard-fauour'd thing, mary not so peerelesse to be do-
red vpon, I must confesse: nay, bee not angrie.

Deli. Well sir, (how euer you please to forget your selfe) I
haue not deseru'd to bee thus play'd vpon, but henceforth, pray
you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the fauor of
his breath at my table, that shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

Mac. Nay then Signior, let mee tell you, your wife is no pro-
per woman by *Iesu*, (and I suspect her honestie, that's more,
which you may likewise suspect (if you please:) doe you see: Ile

vrge

Euery man out of his Humor.

vrge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please,
you may suspect it.

Del. Good sir.

Exit.

Mac. Good sir? Now Horne vpon Horne pursue thee, thou
blind egregious Dotard.

Carl. O you shall heare him speake like Enuie. Signior *Maci-*
lente, you saw Monsieur *Briske* lately? I heard you were with
him at the Court.

Mac. I *Buffone*, I was with him.

Carl. And how is hee respected there? (I know youle deale
ingeniously with vs?) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of
Gallants?

Mac. Faith I, his *Cinet* and his *casting glasse*,
Haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest,
And there his *Seniors* giue him good sleight lookes,
After their Garbe, smile, and salute in French
With some new complement.

Carl. What is this all?

Mac. Why say, that they should shew the frothie foole,
Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.
Why all their *Graces* are not to doe Grace
To vertue, or desert: but to ride both
With their guilt spurres quite breathlesse from themselves.
'Tis now esteem'd *Precisiansisme* in wit;
And a *Discazure* in *Nature* to be kind
Toward Desert, to Loue, or seeke good Names:
Who feedes with a Good name? who thrives with longings?
Who can prouide feast for his owne desires,
With seruing others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis folly by our wisest worldlings prou'd
(If not to gaine by loue) to bee belou'd.

Carl. How like you him, is't not a good spightfull slaue? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd.

(villain.

Car. Damne me, I could eate his flesh now: Diuine sweet

Mac. Nay, pr'y thee leaue: what's he there?

Carl. Who?

Euery man out of his Humor.

Carl. Who? this the starcht Beard? it's the dull stiff Knight *Puntarnolo* man, hee's to trauaile now presently: he has a good knottie wit, marry hee carries little out of the land with him.

Mac. How then?

Carl. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money; vpon the returne of a Dog and Cat.

Mac. Is this hee?

Carl. I, this is hee; a good tough Gentleman: hee lookes like a chine of Brawne at *Sbrowetide*, out of date, & ready to take his leaue: or a drie Poule of Ling vpon *Easter-one*, that has furnisht the table all Lent, as he has done the Citie this last *Vacation*.

Mac. Come, you'le neuer leaue your stabbing *Smile's*: I shall ha' you aiming at mee with 'hem by and by, but—

Carl. O renounce mee then: pure, honest, good *Denill*, I loue thee aboue the loue of women: I could e'ne melt in Admirati-on of thee now: Gods so', looke here man; Sir *Dagouet* and his Esquire.

Enter Sog. and Shift.

Sog. Saue you my deere *Gallanto's*: nay, come approach, good *Cauallier*: pr'y thee (sweet knight) know this Gentleman, hee's one that it pleases mee to vse as my good friend & compa-nion; and therefore doe him good offices: I beseech you Gen-tles, know him.

Punt. Sir (for Signior *Sogliardo's* sake) let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why by Iesu, I thanke you knight, and it shall suffice.

Hearke you sir *Puntarnolo*, you'ld little thinke it; hee's as reso-lute a peece of flesh as any's in the world.

Punt. Indeede sir?

Sog. Vpon my Gentilitie sir: *Carlo*, a word with you; Doe you see that same fellow there?

Car. What? *Cauallier Shift*?

Sog. O you know him; erie you mercie: before God, I think him the tallest man liuing within the walles of *Europe*.

Carl. The walles of *Europe*! take heede what you say Signior, *Europ's* a huge thing within the walles.

Sog. Tut (and 'twere as huge againe) It'd iustifie what I speake.

Euery man out of his Humor.

speake. S'lid, he swagger'd e'ne now in a place where wee were:
I neuer saw a man do it more resolute.

Carl. Nay, indeed swaggering is a good *Argument of Resolution.* Doe you heare this, Signior?

Mac. I, to my griefe. O that such muddie Flags
For euerie drunken flourish, should archieue
The name of *Manhood*; whilst true perfect Valour
(Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd.
Sbloud, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)
I dare doe more then hee a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of this? ha?
And giue my worth allowance before his?
Because I cannot swagger. Now the Poxe
Light on your *Pickt-Hatch* prowesse.

Sog. Why I tell you sir, hee has beene the onely *Bidst* and that
euer was, kept *New-market*, *Salsburie* Plaine, *Hockley* i'the hole,
Gads-bill; all the high places of any Request: hee has had his
Mares and his Geldings hee, ha' beene worth forty, threescore,
a hundred pound a Horse, would ha' sprung you ouer hedge
and ditch like your Greyhound: hee has done fise hundred
Robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

Punt. What? and scape?

Sog. Scapt! Yfaith I: hee has broken the iayle when hee has
been in yrons, and yrons; & beene out, & in againe; and out,
and in; fortie times, and not so few, hee.

Mac. A fit Trumpet to proclaime such a person.

Carl. But can this bee possible?

(to it.

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing sir, when a man giues his Affections

Sog. Good *Pylades* discourse a Robberie or two, to satisfie
these Gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me my deere *Orestes*; Causes haue their *Quid-
dits*, and 'tis ill iesting with Bell-ropes.

Carl. How? *Pylades* and *Orestes*?

(conceit

Sog. I, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Orestes*; how like you the

Carl. O it's an old stale Enterlude deuice: No, I'le giue you
Names my selfe: looke you, he shall be your *Iudas*, and you shal

Euery man out of his Humor.

be his Elder tree to hang on.

Mac. Nay, rather let him be Captaine *Pod*, and this his *Mo-*
tion, for he does nothing but Shew him.

Car. Excellent; or thus; you shal be *Holden*, & he your *Camell*.
Shift. You doe not meane to ride Gentlemen?

Punt. Faith let me end it for you Gallants: you shall bee his
Countenance, and hee your *Resolution*.

Sog. Troth that's pretie: how say you *Canalier*, shalt bee so?

Carl. I, I, most voyces.

Shift. Faith I am easily yeelding to any good Impressions.

Sog. Then giue hands good *Resolution*.

Carl. Masse he cannot say good *Countenance* now (proper-
ly) to him againe.

Punt. Yes, by an *Ironie*.

Mac. O sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as hee's al-
together grim and vnpleasant.

Enter Briske.

Fast. Good houres make Musicke with your mirth Gentle-
men, and keepe times to your humors; how now *Carlo*?

Punt. Monsieur *Briske*! many a long looke hane I extended
for you sir.

Fast. Good faith I must craue pardon; I was inuited this
morning ere I was out of my bedde, by a Beuie of Ladies, to a
Banquet: whence it was almost one of *Hercules* Labours for mee
to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so pre-
uaile with mee: I know they'le take it very ill, especially one,
that gaue mee this bracelet off her Haire but ouer night, and
thi; Pearle another gaue me from her forehead, Mary thec—
what? are these writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the
Notaries, and learne if hee be readie: leaue the Dog sir.

Exit Servingman.

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend *Sogliardo*? oh
Signior Macilente! by these eyes I saue you not, I had saluted
you sooner else on my troth: I hope sir I may presume vpon
you, that you will not divulge my late checke, or disgrace in-
deede sir.

Mac. You

Euery man out of his Humor.

Mac. You may fir.

Car. S'heart hee knowes some notorious jest by this Gull, that hee hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur *Fastidius*, doe you see this fellow there? does hee not looke like a clowne? would you thinke there's any thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him? beshrew mee, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this Element, hee is an ingenious tall man as euer I waggerd about *London*: hee and I call *Countenance* and *Resolution*, but his name is *Cavalier Shift*.

Punt. *Cavalier*, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the robberie at *Harrow* on the hill?

Sog. Knew him fir! why 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the Action.

Punt. How? was't your Project fir?

Shift. Pardon mee *Countenance*, you doe me some wrong to make that publike, which I imparted to you in priuate.

Sog. Gods will, here are none but friends *Resolution*.

Shift. That's all one; things of Consequence must haue their respects, where, how, and to whom. Yes fir, he shewed himselfe a true Clogge in the coherence of that affaire fir; for if hee had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a fortie or fiftie score of pounds fir, and he himselfe might ha' liu'd (in despight of Fate) to haue fedde on *Woodcocks* with the rest: but it was his heauie fortunes to sinke poore *Clog*, and therefore talke no more of him.

Punt. Why, had hee no more Agents then?

Sog. O God fir; I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him yfaith.

Shift. I fir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference; but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconcil'd my selfe to other courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, hee has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a Gentleman by his Qualitie. By this Dog, he has the most rare gift in *Tabacco* that euer you knew.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Carl, S^t heart, hee keepes more adoe with this monster, than euer *Banckes* did with his Horse, or the fellow with the *Elephant*.

Mac, Hee will hang out his picture shortly in a cloth, you shall see.

Sog. O hee do's manage a quarrell the best that euer you saw, for termes and circumstances.

Fast, Good faith Signior, (now you speake of a quarrell) Ile acquaint you with a difference that happened betweene a Gallant and my selfe : sir *Puntaruolo*, you knowe him if I should name him; Signior *Luculento*.

Punt, *Luculento*! what inauspicious chance interpos'd it selfe betwixt your two loues?

Fast, Faith sir, the same that sundred *Ayamemnon* and great *Tbetis* sonne; but let the cause escape sir: He sent me a challenge (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine wee met. Now indeede sir (I must tell you) hee did offer at first very desperately, but without iudgement: for looke you sir, I cast my selfe into this figure: now he comes violently on, and with all aduancing his Rapier to strike, I thought to haue tooke his arme (for hee had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure hee could not recouer his guard) sir, I mist my purpose in his arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ranne him close by the left cheeke, and through his haire: He againe lights me here, I had a gold Cable hatband, then new come vp, (which I wore about a murrey French Hat I had) cuts my Hatband (and yet it was Malsie, Gold-smithes worke, cuts my brimmes, which by good fortune being thicke, embrodered with gold twist, and spangles) disappointed the force of the blow: Neuerthelesse it graz'd on my shoulders, takes me away sixe purles of an Italian cutworke Band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but three dayes before.

Punt, This was a strange encounter.

Fassid, Nay you shall heare sir, with this wee both fell out and breath'd: Now, (vpon the second signe of his assault,) I betooke mee to the former maner of my defence; hee (on the other side) abandon'd his bodie to the same daunger as before,

Euery man out of his Humor.

before, and followes mee still with blowes. But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left side) made a kind of *stramazoun*, ran him vp to the hilts, through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet mist the skinne. He (making a reuerse blow, fells vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had thrown off the hāgers a little before) strikes off the skirt of a thick lac't fat-tin doublet I had (lin'd with some foure Taffataes) cuts off two panes embrodered with Pearles, rents through the drawings out of Tissew, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder hee speakes not of his wrought shirt.

Fast. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd: but (ere I proceede) I must tell you Signior, that (in this last encounter) not hauing leisure to put off my siluer spurres, one of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my Boote, and (being Spanish Leather, and subiect to teare) ouerthrowes mee, rends mee two paire of silke stockings (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a Peach-colour, and another) and strikes mee some halfe inch deepe into the side of the Calfe: He (seeing the blood come) presently takes horse, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought shirt)

Carl. O, comes it there?

Fast. Rid after him, & (lighting at the Court gate both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into the Presence.

Mac. Well, by this wee can gesse what apparrell the Gentleman wore.

Punt. Fore God it was a designement begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowesse, & ended with more humanitie. How now, what sayes hee?

His seruingman enters.

Seruing. The Notarie sayes he is ready fir, he staves but your Worships pleasure.

Punt. Come, wee will goe to him Monsieur. Gentlemen, shal wee intreate you to bee witnesses.

Sag. You shall entreate mee fir, come *Resolution.*

Shift. I follow you good *Countenance.*

Carl. Come Signior, come, come.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Maci. O, that there should bee fortune
To clothe these men, so naked in desert,
And that the iust storme of a wretched life,
Beates 'hem not ragged for their wretched Soules,
And since as fruitlesse, euen as blacke as coles,

Exit.

GRÆX.

Mst. Why but Signior, howe comes it that *Fungoso* appear'd
not with his sisters intelligence to *Briske*.

Cord. Marie long of the euill Angels that shee gaue him, who
haue indeede tempted the good simple youth to follow the
taile of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends.
Behold, here hee comes, verie worshipfully attended, and with
good varietie.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Fungoso, with Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercie good Shoe-maker, Ile put to strings my
selfe.

Exit Shoe-maker.

Now sir, let mee see, what must you haue for this Hat?

Haber. Here's the Bill, sir,

Fung. How does't become me? well?

Tayl. Excellent sir, as euer you had any Hat in your life.

Haber. Nay faith sir, the Hat's as good as any man i'this town
can serue you, And will maintaine Fashion as long, ne're trust
mee for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my sute?

Tay. Exceeding well sir.

Fung. How li'kit thou my sute Haberdasher?

Hab. By my troth sir 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw
a sute fit better I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we haue no Arte to please our friends, wee.

Fung. Here Haberdasher, tell this same.

Haber. Good faith sir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

Fung. Nay (beleuee mee) I thinke I haue as good a bodie in
clothes as another.

Tay. You lacke points to bring your apparrell together.

Fung. I'll

Euery man out of his Humor.

Fung. I'll haue points anon : how now? is't right,

Hab. Faith sir 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes, Good morrow to you sir.

Exit Haberdasher.

Fun. Farewell good Haberdasher : well now master *Snip* let mee see your Bill,

GREX.

Mit. { Me thinkes hee discharges his followers too thicke.

Cor. { O, therein hee saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you though hee turnes off them, hee keepe this Taylor in place of a Page to follow him.

Fung. This Bill is very reasonable in sayth : Hearke you Master *Snip*, Troth sir I am not altogether so well furnished at this present, as I could wish I were : but — If you'll doe me the fauour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue by *Iesu*.

Tay. Sir —

Fung. And but giue mee credite for the rest, til the beginning of the next Terme.

Tay. O Lord sir —

Fung. Fore God and by this light Ile pay you to the vtmost, and acknowledge my selfe very deeply engag'd to you by this hand.

Tay. Why how much haue you there Sir?

Fung. Mary I haue here foure Angels, and fifteen shillings of white money, it's all I haue as ' hope to bee sau'd.

Tay. You will not faile mee at the next Terme with the rest.

Fung. No : and I do, pray God I bee hang'd. Let mee neuer breathe againe vpon this mortall Stage, as the Philosopher calls it. By this aire, and (as I am a Gentleman) Ile hold.

GREX.

Cor. { Hee were an yron-hearted fellow in my iudgement, that would not credite him vpon these monstrous cothes.

Tay. Well sir, Ile not sticke with any Gentleman for a trifle, you know what 'tis remaines.

Fung. I Sir, and I giue you thanks in good faith; O God, how happie am I made in this good fortune! Well, nowe I'll goe seeke

Euery man out of his Humor.

seeke out Monsieur *Briske*. Gods so, I haue forgot Ribband for my shooes, and points. S'lid what luck's this? how shall we doe? Master *Snippe*, pray let mee redect some two or three shillings for poynts and Rybband: by Iesu I haue vtterly disfurnisht my selfe in the default of memorie; pray le' mee bee beholding to you, it shall come home i'the Bill belecue mee.

Tay. Faith sir, I can hardly depart with money, but i'll take vp, and send you some by my boy presently. What coulour'd Ribband would you haue? (sute.

Fun. What you shall thinke meet i' your iudgement sir to my

Tay. Well, i'll send you some presently.

Fun. And poynts too sir?

Tay. And poynts too sir.

Exit T aylor.

Fun. Good Lord, how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse of you sir? Pray let your youth make hast, for I should haue done a businesse an houre since, that I doubt I shall come too late. Now in good truth I am exceedingly proude of my sute. *Exit.*

G R E X.

Cord. Doe you obserue the plunges that this poore Gallant is put too (Signior) to purchase the Fashion?

Mis. I, and to bee still a Fashion behind the world, that's the sport.

Cord. Stay : O here they come from *Seal'd and deliuer'd*.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Puntarnolo, Fastidius Briske, seruingmen, with the Dog.

Punt. Well, now the whole venture is forth, I will resolue to depart shortly.

Fast. Faith sir *Puntarnolo* goe to the Court, and take leaue of the Ladies first.

Punt. I care not if it bee this afternoones labor: where is *Carlo*?

Fast. Here hee comes.

Enter Carlo, Sogliardo, Shift, and Matilente.

Carl. Faith Gallants, I am perswading this Gentleman to turne Courtier, he is a man of faire reueneu, and his estate will beare the charge well, besides for his other gifts of the minde,

or

Euery man out of his Humor.

or so why, they are as Nature lent him hem, pure, simple, without any *Artificiall* drug or mixture of these two thredbare beggerly qualities, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, and therefore the more *accommodate* and *Genuine*. Now for the life it selfe.

Fall. O, the most *Celestiall*, and full of woonder and delight that can be imagin'd Signior, beyond all thought and apprehension of Pleasure. A man liues there in that diuine *Rapture*, that he will think himselfe in the third Heauen for the time, and loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoeuer; when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such Angelicall and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and *Ambrosian* spirits, whose wits as suddaine as Lightning and humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a man all *Quintessence* and *Fleame*, and liftes him vp (in a moment) to the very Christall Crowne o'the skie, where (houering in the strength of his *Imagination*) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *Isula Fortunata*, *Adonis* gardens, *Tempte*, or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of *Poesie*) to be metere *Imbre* and imperfect Figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall Felicitie of your Court.

Mac. Wel, this ENCOURON was not extemporall, it came too perfectly off.

Car. Besides sir, you shall neuer need to go to a Hothouse, you shall sweate there with courting your mistresse, or losing your money at *Primero*, as well as in all the Stoues in Flaunders. Mary this Sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong perfume about you, that your mistresse Dog may smell you out amongst the rest, and (in making loue to her) neuer cease to be out for you may haue a pipe of *tabacco*, or a base *Violl* shal hang o'the wall of purpose, will put you in presently. The trick of your *Resolution* has taught you in *Tabacco*, (the Whiffe, and those sleights) will stand you in very good Ornament there?

Fall. I to some perhaps: but, and hee should come to my Mistresse with *Tabacco* (this Gentleman knowes) shee'd reply vpon him y faith. Oh (by this bright Sunne) shee has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit, that 8. but there's no spiritable

Every man out of his Humor.

Punt. Then can he report no lesse out of his iudgement, I assure him.

Maci. Troth I like her well enough, but she's too selfe-conceited me thinks.

Fast. I indeed, shee's a litle too selfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that Humor, she were the most to be admir'd Lady in the world.

Print. Indeed it is a Humor that takes from her other excellencies.

Mac, why it may easily be made to forsake her in my thought.

Fast, Easily Said then are all impossibilities easy.

Mac. You conclude too quicke vpon me Signior, what will you say if I make it so conspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse nothing more possible?

Faſt. Mary I will ſay. I will both applaud you, & admire you for it.

Punt. And I will second him.

Mac. Why I'll show you Gentlemen; *Carlo*, come hither.

Macdente, Carlo, Pinarvolo, and Briske, whisper.

Sog. Good faith I have a great Humor to the Court, what thinks my *Resolution*, shall I adventure?

Shift, Troth Countenance, as you please; the Place is a place of good Reputation and Capacitie. (1611)

So, O my tricks in *Tabacco* (as *Carlo* says) will shew excel-
lent there.

Shift. Why you may goe with these Gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see Correspondence.

Sag. You say true! You will goe with me **Resolution.**

Shift. I will meete you. *Countenance*, about three or foure of
clocke, but, to say to goe with you I cannot; for (as I am *Apple*
John) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you saw this morning, &
therefore pray, present me excus'd good *Countenance*.

Sog. Fare well good *Resolution*, but faile not to meet:

Shift. As I live.

They break silence. Exit Shift.

Ans. Admirably excellent.

Mac.If

Euery man out of his Humor!

Mac. If you can but persuaide *Sogliardo* to the Court, there's al
now,

Carl. O let me alone, that's my taske.

Fast. Now by Iesu *Macilente*, it's aboue measure excellent:
'twill be the onely Courtly exploit that euer prou'd Courtiers
ingenious,

Punt. Vpon my soule it puts my Lady quite out of her Hu-
mor, and we shall laugh with iudgment.

Carl. Come, the Gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe
with you, afore I mou'd it.

Mac. Why then gallants, you two and *Carlo* go afore to pre-
pare the jest: *Sogliardo* and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

Punt. That's true; *Carlo* comes not at the Court indeed; well,
you shall leaue it to the facultie of Monsieur *Briske*, & my selfe;
vpon our liues we will manage it happily. *Carlo* shall bespeake
Supper at the Mitre against wee come backe: where wee will
meet, and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the success.

Carl. I, but will you all promise to come?

Punt. My selfe shall manfresde it for them: he that failes, let his
Reputation lie vnder the lash of thy tongue.

Carl. Gods so, looke who comes here?

Enter Fungosa.

Sog. What, Nephew?

Fung. Vncle, God saue you; did you see a Gentleman, one
Monsieur *Briske*? a Courtier, he goes in such a Sute as I doe,

Sog. Here is the Gentleman Nephew, but not in such a Sute.

Fung. Another Sute! *He Struts.*

Sog. How now Nephew?

Fast. Would you speake to me Sir?

Carl. I, when he has recouer'd himselfe: poore Poll.

Punt. Some *Resa-felut*.

Mac. How now Signior?

Fung. I am not well Sir.

Mac. Why this it is, to dog the Fashion.

Carl. Nay come Gentlemen, remember your affaires: his

Euery man out of his Humor.

disease is nothing but the *Flawe* of apparell.

Pant. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the Cat safe; I'll be the Dogs *Guardian* my selfe. *Exeunt Seruingmen*

Sog. Nephew, will you goe to the Court: with vs; these Gentlemen and I are for the Court: nay be not so Melancholly.

Fun. By Gods lide I thinke no man in Christendome has that rascally fortune that I haue.

Maci. Faith your Sate is well enough Signior.

Fun. Nay, not for that I protest; but I had an errand to Monsieur *Fasidius*; and I haue forgot it

Maci. Why goe along to the Court with vs, and remember it come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and *Sogliardo* and I will take another: we shalbe there instantly.

Fast. Content: good Sir vouchsafe vs your pleasure.

Pant. Farewell *Carlo*; remember.

Carl. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kempes* shooes to throw after you.

Pant. Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, feare not: and we shall frolick. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. This *Macilente* Signior, begins to be more sociable on a suddaine me thinks, than he was before; ther's some Portent in't, I belecue.

Cord. O hee's a fellow of a strange Nature. Now do's he (in this calme of his Humor) plot and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till he is so full with him, that you shall see the very Torrent of his Nature breake forth, and against the course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that you will almost haue woonderto thinke how tis possible the current of their Dispositions shall receiue so quick and strong an alteration.

Mit. I marry sir, this is that on which my Expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you Signior (though I was loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine owne priuate discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euery man out of his Humor*, when I saw all his Actors so strongly pursue

Euery man out of his humour.

sue and continue their humors?

Cord. Why therein his Art appeares most full of lustre, and approacheth nearest the life, especially when in the flame and height of their Humors they are laid flat, it fills the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt and cut downe by degrees, when it might be feld in a moment? and to set the axe to it, before it came to that pride & fulnes, were as not to haue it grow.

- *Mit.* Wel, I shall long till I see this fall you talke of.

Cord. To helpe your longiag, Signior, let your imagination be swifter then a paire of Oares, and by this, suppose *Puntarno-lo, Briske, Fungoso*, and the Dog, arriu'd at the Court gate, & going vp to the great chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo*, wee'll leaue them on the water till possibility and naturall means may land 'hem. Here come Gallants, now prepare your Expectation.

ACTVS QVINTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Puntervolo, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog.

Punt. Come Lordings. Signior, are you sufficiently instructed.

Fast. Who, I sir?

Punt. No, this Gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog, he is no competent attendant for the Presence.

Fast. Masse that's true indeed knight, you must not carry him into the Presence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my Cormorants to attend me.

Fast. Why, you're best leaue him at the Porters lodge.

Punt. Not so: his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to be forth-comming.

Fast. Slight, how'll you do then?

Punt. I must leaue him with one that is ignorant of his qualitie, if I will haue him to be safe. And see: Here comes one that will carie coales, *Erge*, will hold my dog. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

Enter a Groome with a basket.

Groome. You may if you please sir.

Punt. Pray

Euery man out of his Humor.

She laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter; that's nothing; you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it bee without blushing) 'tis most Courtlike and well.

Sog. But shall I not vse *Tabacco* at all?

Mac. O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath suspected; and that that you vse it onely to confound the rankenesse of that.

Sog. Nay, Ile be aduis'd sir by my friends.

Mac. Gods my life, see where sir *Pantars* Dog is.

Groome. I would the Gentleman would returne for his follower here, Ile leaue him to his fortunes else.

Mac. Shant, 'twere the onely true ielt in the world to poyson him now: ha? by Gods will Ile do it; if I could but get him of the fellow. Signior *Sogliardo*, walke aside, and thinke vpon some deuise to entertaine the Lady with.

Sog. So I do sir,

Sog. walks off, meditating.

Mac. How now mine honest friend? whose Dog-keeper art thou?

Groome. Dog-keeper sir? I hope I scorne that Ifayth.

Mac. Why? do'st thou not keepe a Dog?

Groome. Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not; I thinke this bee Sweete and Short; make me his Dog-keeper?

Throws off the Dog, & exits.

Mac. This is excellent aboue expectation: nay stay sir, you'd be traouelling; but Ile giue you a dramme shall shorten your voyage: here; so sir, Ile be bold to take my leaue of you: now to the *Turkes* Court in the diuels name, for you shal neuer go on Gods name. (*Kicks him out*) *Sogliardo*, come.

Sog. I ha' 't yfaith now, will sting it.

Mac. Take heed youleese it not Signior, ere you come there: preserue it. *Exeunt*

G R E X.

Cor. { How like you this first exploit of his?

Mis. { O, a peece of true Enuie, but I expect the issue of the other deuise.

Cor. Here they come, will make it appeare.

SCENA

Euery man out of his humour.

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it shall not be long, till I will Ease thee of thy employment, and Please thee. Forth Gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leaue him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge vpon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no, there were no pollicie in that; that were to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, & so, to tempt fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy Honestie be sweet and short.

Groome. yes sir.

Punt. But heark you Gallants, and cheefly Monsieur *Briske* When wee come in eye-shot or presence of this Ladie, let not others matters carrie vs from our Proiect: but (if wee can) single her forth to some place.

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuise induce it selfe with good Circumstance: on.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth here be fine hangings.

Exeunt Puntarvolo, Briske, Fungoso.

Groome. Honestie, Sweet and Short? may it shall sir, doubt you not: for euen at this instant if one would giue me twentie pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the Sweet: but now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, hee shall haue him; there's for the Short now, Sbloud, what a mad Humorous Gentleman is this to leaue his Dog with me? I could run away with him now, and he were worth any thing: well, I pray God send him quickly againe. *Enter Macilento and Sogliardo.*

Mac. Come on Signior, now prepare to Court this All-witted Ladie, most Naturally and like your selfe.

Sog. Faith and you say the word, Ile begin to her in *Tabacco*

Mac. O fie on't, no you shall begin with, *How does my sweet Ladie; or, Why are you so melancholly Madam?* though she be very merrie, it's all one: be sure to kisse your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most faire* she is: Screw your face at one side thus, & Protect; let her scere and looke a skaunce, and hide her Teeth with her Fanne, when she

Euery man out of his Humor.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Puntarvolo, Saniolina Fastidius Briske, Fungoso.

Sani. Why I thought Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

Punt. Deare, and most Amiable Ladie, your Diuine Beauties do bind me to those Offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Sani. 'Tis most Courdlike spoken sir; but how might we doe to haue a sight of your Dog and Cat?

Fast. His Dogge's in the Court, Ladie. (sir?

Sani. And not your Cat? how dare you trust her behind you

Punt. Troth Madame she hath sore eyes, and shee dooth keepe her Chamber: marry I haue left her vnder sufficient guard: there are two of my Hinds to attend her. (go sir?

Sani. Ile giue you some Water for her eyes: when doe you

Punt. Certes sweet Ladie, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather Madame, to present your *Acute* iudgement with so Courtly, and well-Parted a Gentleman, as yet your Ladiship hath neuer seene. (man?

Sani. What's she, gentle Mounseieur *Briske*? not that Gentle

Fast. No Ladie, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*.

Punt. Pray' sir, giue me leaue to report him: hee's a Gentleman (Ladie) of that rare and admirable *facultie*, as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholler and so exactly trauail'd that hee is able in discourse, to deliuer you a *Modell* of any Princes Court in the world: 'speakes the Languages with that puritie of Phrase, and facilitie of *Accent*, that it breeds astonishment: his Wit, the most Exuberant, and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare. (man.

Fast. 'Tis most true Ladie; may he is no such excellent proper

Punt. His Trauailles haue chang'd his complexion, Madame.

Sani. O sir *Puntarvolo*, you must think: euery man was not boine to haue my Seruant *Briske*'s feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, Ladie; he doth so Peerlessly imitate any manner of person for Gesture, Action, Passion, or what euer.

Fast. I

Euery man out of his Humor.

Fast. I, especially a Rusticke or a Clowne Madame, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted with (in the world) to discerne any sparkes of the Gentleman in him, when hee does it.

Sani. O Mounseur *Brisk*, be not so Tyranous to confine all Wits within the compasse of your owne: Not find the sparkes of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman?

Fnn. No in truth (sweet Ladie) I belecue you cannot.

Sani. Do you belecue so? why I can find sparkes of a Gentleman in you sir.

Punt. I, he is a Gentleman Madame, and a Reueller.

Fnn. Indeed I think I haue seen your Ladiship at our Reuels.

Sani. Lik inough sir: but would I might see this wonder you talke of: may one haue a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes Madame, he will arriue presently.

Sani. What, and shall we see him Clowne it?

Fast. I faith (sweet Lady) that you shall: see heere he comes.

Enter Macilente with Sophist.

Punt. This is he; pray obserue him Lady.

Sani. Bestrew me, he Clownes it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, marke his Countship.

Sog. How does my sweet Lady; *hote and moist? Beautifull and*

Sani. *Beautifull* and it please you sir, but not *lustie*.

Sog. O ho Ladie, it pleases you to say so in truth: and how does my sweet Lady; in health? *Bonaroba, que so? que Nouelles? que Nouelles?* Sweete creature.

Sani. O excellent: why Gallants, is this he that cannot be Deciphered? they were very bleare-witted yfaith that could not discerne the Gentleman in him.

Punt. But do you, in earnest? Lady?

Sani. Do I sir? why if you had any true Court-iudgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfeiting as cleere as the noone day: Alas; Nay if you would haue tried my Wit indeed, you should neuer haue tolde me he was a Gentleman, but presented him for a true Clowne indeede; and then haue seene if I could haue decipher'd him.

Every man out of his Humor.

Fast. For God, her Ladiship sayes true (knight) but does he not affect the Clowne most naturally, Mistresse?

Punt. O, she cannot but affirme that out of the Bountie of her iudgement.

Sani. Nay out of doubt he does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his naturall carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownerie.

Fast. Tis strange in truth, her Ladiship should see so farre into him.

Punt. Is it not?

Sani. Faith as easily as may be: nor decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good sadnesse, I wonder at it.

Mac. Why hath she decipherd him, Gentlemen?

Punt. O most miraculously, and beyond Admiration.

Mac. Is't possible?

Fast. She hath giuen most infallible signes of the Gentleman in him, that's certaine.

Sani. Why, Gallants, let me laugh at you a little: was this your deusse, to trie my iudgement in a Gentleman?

Maci. Nay Lady, do not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of Respicacie aboue others: What if he should be no Gentleman now, but a Clowne indeed Lady?

Punt. How thinke you of that? would not your Ladiship be out of your Humor?

Fast. O, but she knowes it is not so.

Sani. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say? nay if your Worships could gull me so indeede, you were wiser then you were taken for.

Maci. In good faith Lady, he is a very perfect Clowne, both by father and mother: that Ile assure you.

Sani. O Sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, do but looke on his hand, and that shall resolue you: Looke you Lady, what a palme here is.

Sag. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Mac. The Plough! did you discerne any such thing in him, Madame?

Fast. Faith

Every man out of his Humor.

Fast. Faith no, she saw the Gentleman as bright as at noone-day she: he decipherd him at first. *Exit Fast.*
Mari. Troth I am sorie your Ladships sight should be so suddainly strooke,

Sani. O, you're good Beagles!

Fast. What, is she gone?

Sag. Nay, say sweet Lady, *Que Nouvelles, Que Nouvelles?*

Sani. Out, you foole you. *Exit Sani.*

Fung. Shee's out of her Humor yfaith!

Fast. Nay, lets follow it while tis hot Gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour wee le make her blush in the Presence: my splene is great with laughter.

Mac. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life I beloeue sir. Come Signior, your lookes are too dejected, my thinkes: why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

Fung. By Gods will, this Sute frees me at the Soule, Ile haue it alter d to morrow sure.

Enter Shift.

Shift. I am come to the Court to meet with my *Countenanco* *Segliardo*: poore men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Well, Need may insult upon a man, but it shall neuer make him despaire of Consequence. The world will say, tis base; tush, base! tis base to liue vnder the earth, not base to liue aboue it by any meanes.

Enter Punt, Fast, Sagliardo, Fungaso, Macilante.

Fast. The poore Ladie is most miserably out of her Humour yfaith.

Punt. There was neuer so wiccy a list broken at the Tilt, of all the Court wies christen'd.

Mac. O, this applause raints le fouly.

Sag. I thinke I did my part in Courting. O Resolution.

Punt. Ayme, my Dog.

Mari. Where is he?

Fast. Gods precious, go seeke for the fellow, good Signior,

Sends away Fungaso.

Punt. Here, here I left him.

O ij *Mari.* Why

Euery man out of his Humor.

Mac. Why none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see fir *Puntarvolos* dog here *Cavalier*, since you came?

Shift. His Dog fir? he may looke his Dog fir; I see none of his

Mac. Vpon my life he hath stoln your Dog fir, and benhir, d to it by some that haue ventur'd with you; you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

Punt. Not vnlike; for he hath been a notorious theefe by his owne confession. Sirrah, where's my Dog?

Shift. Charge me with your Dog fir? I ha' non of your dog fir.

Punt. Villaine, thou liest.

Shift. Lie fir? S'blood y'are but a man fir.

Punt. Rogue and Theefe, restore him.

Sog. Take heed fir *Puntarvolo* what you doe; hee'le beare no coales I can tell you (of my word.

Mac. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he stabs you not: by this Light, he hath stab'd fortie for fortie times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoupe, thou Abiect.

Sog. Make him stoupe fir: Gentlemen pacifie him, or hee'le be kill'd.

Mac. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man? if you loue his life stand betwixt'hem: make him stoupe!

Punt. My dog Villain, or I wil hang thee: thou hast confest robberies, & other fellonious acts to this Gentleman thy *Countenance*

Sog. He beare no witnesse.

Punt. And without my Dog I will hang thee, for them.

Shift. kneeles.

Sog. What? kneele to thine enemy?

Shift. Pardon mee good fir; God is my Iudge I neuer did Robberie in all my life.

Fung. O fir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giuing vp the ghost in the wood-yard.

Mac. S'blood

Euery man out of his Humour.

Mac. S'bloud is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my Dogge borne to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me sir.

Exit Punt. with Fung.

Sog. How? did you neuer do any robbery in your life?

Mac. O this is good: so he swore sir.

Sog. I heard him. And did you sweare true sir?

Shift. I (as God shall haue part of my soule Sir) I ne're rob'd any man I; neuer stood by the high-way side Sir, but only layd so, because I would get my selfe a name, and be counted a tall man.

Sog. Now out base *Ilusco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Coun-tenance*? By this light, Gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable companie of Robberies, and damn'd himselfe that he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell out, follow me no more I command thee; out of my sight, go, hence, speake not, I will not heare thee; away *Camouccio*.

Mac. O how do I feed vpon this now, and sat my selfe? here were a couple vnexpectedly dishumord: well by this time I hope sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of Humor to tra-uaile: nay, Gentlemen, why do you not seeke out the Knight, and comfort him? our Supper at the Mitre must of necessitie hold to night, if you loue your Reputations.

Fast. Fore God I am so Melancholly for his Dogges disaister but i'll go.

Sog. Faith and I may go too, but I know I shall be so Melan-

Nac. Tush, Melancholly? you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercie of a Furie: *Carlo* will racke your finewes asunder, and raile you to dust if you come not. *Exeunt.*

Mit. O then their feare of *Carlo* belike, makes them hold their meeting.

G R E X { *Cor.* I, here he comes: conceine him but to be enter'd the Mitre.

• SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Carlo.

Cor. Holla: where be these Shotmakers? *Enter Drawer*

Draw. By and by: you are welcome good master *Buffone*.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Carl. Where's *George*? call me *George* hither quickly.

Draw. What wine please you haue Sir? I'll draw you that's neat *Buffope*.

Car. Away *Neophite*, do as I bid; bring my deare *George* to me
Masse here he comes. *Enter George.*

Georg. Welcome Maister *Carlo*.

Carl. What's Supper readie, *George*?

Geor. I sir, almost; will you haue the cloth laid, Maister *Carlo*?

Carl. O, what else: are none of the Gallants come yet?

Georg. None yet sir.

Carl. Stay, take me with you *George*: let me haue a good fat
Loine of Porke laid to the fire presently,

Georg. It shall sir.

Carl. And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you
haue out of the But you wot of: away, you know my meaning
George, quick.

George. Done sir.

Exit.

Carl. S'bloud, I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life,
as I doe to knowe our Gallants successe at the Court: now is
that leane Blad-rid *Macilente*, that salt Villaine, plotting some
mischieuous deuise, and lies a soking in their frothy Humours
like a drie crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the Kecke
but hold vp's eyes at other mens happinesse in any reasonable
proportion, & lid the slaue were to be loued next Heaven, a-
boue Honour, Wealth, rich Fare, Apparell, Wenches, all the
delights of the Bellie, and the Groine, whatever.

Georg. Here, maister *Carlo*.

Carl. Ist right, Boy?

Geor. I sir, I assure you tis right.

Carl. Well said, my deare *George*, depart: Come, my small
Gimblet, you in the false scabberd, away: *Putt forth the Dra-*
so: Now to you sir *Burgomaster*, let's tast of *Zuer & Shuts* the dore
your Bounty.

G R E X.

Mu. S'what will he deale vpon such quantities of wine alone.

Cor. You shall perceiue that sir.

He drinks.

Carl.

Euery man out of his Humour.

Carl. I mary fir, here's puritie. O *George*, I could bite of thy nose for this now: Sweete Rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very soule of the Grape: I'll wash my temples with some on't presently: and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heate the Braine, kindle my imagination. I shall talke nothing but Crackers and Fire-worke to night. So fir; Please you to bee here fir, and I here: So.

He sets the two cups a sunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.

G R E X. Cord. This is worth the obseruation, Signior.

Carl. 1 *cap.* Now fir, here's to you; and I present you with so much of my loue.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you fir. (*Drinks.*) And wil return you the like proportion: but withall fir, remembering the merrie night we had at the Countesses; you know where fir.

1 *Cup.* By Iesu you doe put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I wil propose in your pledge fir: The health of that honorable Countesse, & the sweet Lady that sat by her fir.

2 I do vail to it with reuerence. (*Drinks.*) 2 And now Signior, with these Ladies, I'll be bold to mixe the health of your Diuine Mistresse. 1 Doe you know her fir? 2 O Lord fir, I, and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most pretious drugg in the world.

1 Good faith fir you doe honor me in't exceedingly. (*Drinks.*)

G R E X.

Mis. Whom should he personate in this, Signior?

Cord. Faith I know not fir, obserue, obserue him.

2 If it were the basest filth or mud that runnes in the channell, I am bound to pledge it by God fir. (*Drinks.*) And now fir, here is againe a replenisht bowle fir, which I will reciprocally returne vpon you to the health of the Count *Frugale*. 1 The Count *Frugales* health fir? I'll pledge it on my knees by Iesu, 2 Will you fir? I'll drinke it on my knees then, by the Lord. (*Drinks.*)

G R E X.

Mis. Why this is straunge.

Cor. Ha' you hard a better drunken Dialogue?

2 Nay,

Euery man out of his Humor.

2 Nay, do me right Sir. 1. So I do in good faith. 2. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller. 1. Why, by Iesu it was not. 2. By Iesu it was, and you do lie. 1. Lie sir, 2. I sir. 1. S'wounds you rascall. 2. O, come, stab, if you haue a mind to it. 1. Stab? dost thou thinke I dare not? (*In his owne person*) Nay, I beseech you Gentlemen, what meanes this; nay looke, for shame respect your reputations.

Ouerturnes wine, pot, cups, and all.

Enter Macilente.

Mac. Why how now *Carlo*, what Humor's this?

Car. O my good Mischief, art thou come? where are the rest? where are the rest?

Mac. Faith three of our Ordinance are burst.

Carl. Burst, how comes that?

Mac. Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

Carl. But did not the traine hold?

Mac. O yes, and the poore Lady is irreouerably blowne vp.

Carl. Why, but which of the Munition is miscarried? ha?

Mac. *Imprimis*, Sir *puntar volo*: next, the Countenance, and Resolution.

Carl. How? how for the loue of God?

Mac. Troth the Resolution is prou'd Recreant; the Countenance hath chang'd his Coppie; and the Passionate Knight, is shedding Funerall teares ouer his departed Dogge.

Carl. What's his Dogge dead?

Mac. Poison'd 'tis thought: marry how, or by whom, that's left for some Cunning woman heere o'the Banke-side to resolve: For my part, I know nothing more than that we are like to haue an exceeding Melancholly Supper of it.

Carl. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry: I had drunke off a good Preparatiue of old Sacke heere: but will they come, will they come?

Mac. They will assuredly come: marry *Carlo* (as thou lou'st me) runne ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the Knight; spare no *Sulphurous* yeast that may come out of that sweatie Forge of thine, but ply 'hem with all manner of Shot.

Munition,

Euery man out of his Humor.

Minion, Saker, Culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

Carl. I warrant thee my deare Cale of *Petrione*, so stand I not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why my good *Germane* Tippler, I will.

Carl. What *George, Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.*

Daunceth:

Georg. Did you call, Master *Carlo*?

Carl. More *Nestlan, George, Lomtero, &c.*

Geor. Your meat's ready sir, and your company were come.

Carl. Is the Loine of Porke enough?

Geor. I Sir, it is enough,

Maci. Porke? S'heart what doest thou with such a greasie Dish; I thinke thou dost Varnish thy face with the fat on't, it lookes so like a Grew-pot.

Carl. True, my Raw-bon'd Rogue: and if thou would'st farce thy leane Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged Lathes) rub out so many Dubletes as they do; but thou knowest not a good Dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world: No maruaile though that saucie stubborne Generation the *Jewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha'done, well pamper'd with fat Porke, that durst murmur at their maker out of Garlicke and Onions. S'blood fed with it, the horson strummell patch, Goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha' Gigantomachiz'd. Well said my sweet *George*, fill, fill,

G R E X.

Maci. This sauiours too much of Prophanation.

Cor. *O seruetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi cō-*
stet. The necessitie of his vaine compels a tolleration;
for, barre this, and dash him out of Humor before his time,

Carl. Tis an *Axiome*. in Naturall Philosophie, *What comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, cōverts quicker to nourishment, & doth sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in flesh and Entrailles, assimilates or resembles Man more, then a Hog or Swine. (Drinker)

Maci. True; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes d'offeth off his owne nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee becomes as churlish as a Hogge, or as a drunke as a Sow; but to

Euery man out of his Humor.

your conclusion. (*Drinckes*)

Car. Mary I say, nothing resembling Man more than a Swine, it followes, nothing can be more nourishing: for indeed (but that it abhorres from our nice Nature) if we fed one vpon another, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thrue much better: I referre me to your Long-lane *Canni'ales*, or such like: but since 'tis so contrary, Porke, Porke is your only feed.

Maci. I take it your Deuill be of the same Diet; hee would nere ha' desire to beene incorporated into Swine else. O here comes the Malancholly messe: vpon 'heni *Carlo* charge, charge

Enter Puntarvolo. Fastidius, Sogliardo Fungoso.

Carl. Fore God sir *Puntarvolo*, I am torrie for your heauines, Body a mee, a shrewd mischaunce: why had you no *Vnicornes* hornes, nor *Bezars* stone about you? ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Maci. Nay, to him againe.

Carl. Take comfort good knight, if your Cat ha' recovered her Cataract, feare nothing; your Dogges mischaunce may bee helpen.

Fast. Say how (sweete *Carlo*) for so God mend me, the poore Knights moanes draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discouraged good sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your aduenture shall be perform'd vpon your Cat.

Maci. I belecue you Muske-cod. I belecue you, for rather than thou would'st make present repaimēt, thou would'st take it vp on his owne bare returne from *Callice*.

Carl. Nay Gods life, hee ld bee content (fo he were well rid out of his company) to pay him fine for one at his next meeting him in *Paules*, but for your Dogge, sir *Puntar*, if hee be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine a *Quack-saner*, shall put life in him againe, that's certaine.

Fung. O no; that comes too late.

Maci. Gods precious Knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer; get me a Candle and hard waxe presently:

Sog. I, and bring vp supper; for I am so Melancholy.

Carl. Ah Signior, where's your Resolution.

Sog. Reso-

Euery man out of his Humor.

Sog. Resolution! hang him rascall! O *Carlo*, if you loue me, do not mention him.

Carl. Why, how so? how so?

Sog. O the arrant *Crocodile* that euer Christiā was acquainted with. By Iesu, I shall thinke the worse of *Tabacco* while I liue for his sake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man----

Mats. Nay *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

Car. Sblood, he looks like an Image carued out of Boxe, full of knots: his face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purse with the mouth downward; his beard's the Tassels: and hee walkes (let me see) as melancholly as one o' the Masters side in the Counter. Do you heare sir *Puntar*?

Punt. Sir, I do entreat you no more,, but enioyne you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Carl. Nay but deare Knight vnderstand (here are none but friends and such as wish you well) I would ha' you do this now: Fleay me your dog presently (but in any case keepe the head) and stufte his skin well with straw, as ye see these dead monsters at *Bartholmew* faire.

Punt. I shall be sodaine I tell you.

Carl. Or if you like not that sir, giue mee somewhat a lesse dog and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a Jew, one *Toban*, or a fellow that makes periwigs, will glew it on artificially. it shall ne'er bee discern'd: besides, it will be so much the warmer for the hound to trauell in you know.

Mats. Sir *Puntar* vnto, Sdeath can you be so patient?

Carl. Or thus sir, you may haue (as you come through Germany) a Familiar for a litle or nothing, shal turne it selfe into the shape of your Dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine howers: Gods my life Knight, what do you meane? youle offer no violence, will you? Hold, hold.

Punt. Sblood you slaue, you Bando you.

Car. As you loue God, stay the enraged knight. Gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, hee that stirres in his rescue, dies, Drawer be gone.

Carl. Murder, murder, murder.

buold 2. 1. 2.

P ij

Punt. I

Euery man out of his Humor.

Punt. I, are you howling you Wolfe? Gentlemen, as you tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge bee perfect. Sirha *Buff-ne*, lie downe; make no exclamations, but downe; downe you Curre, or I will make thy blood flow on my Rapier hilks:

Carl. Sweet knight hold in thy furie, and fore God Ile honour thee more than the Turke dos *Mahomet*.

Punt. Downe (I say.) Whose there?

Const. Here's the Constable, open the dores. *Within.*

Carl. Good *Macilente*.

Punt. Open no dore, if the *Adalantado* of Spaine were here: he should not enter: On, helpe me with the light, Gentlemen, you knocke in vaine sir officer.

Carl. *Et tu Brute.*

Punt. Sirha close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by heauen.

Carl. O, O. *They seale vp his lips.*

Const. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

Mac. Nay good Conttable haue patience a little, you shall come in presently, we haue almost done.

Punt. So; now, are you out of your humour sir, Shift Gentlemen. *They all draw & Exeunt.*

Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske.

Const. Lady hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me! for what? *(panions.*

Const. Mary for your riot here sir, with the rest of your com-

Fast. My riot! God's my iudge, take heed what you doe;

Carlo. did I offer any violence?

Const. O sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, and that makes you so peramptorie.

Fast. Peremprorie, Slife I appeale to the Drawers, if I did him any hard measure. *Enter George.*

Gorg. They are all gone, there's none of them will bee laid any hold on.

Const. Well sir, you are like to answere till the rest can bee found out.

Fast. Sbloud

Euery man out of his humour.

Fast. S'bloud I appeale to George here.

Const. Tut George was not here: away with him to the counter
sirs. Come sir, you were best get your selfe drest somewhere.

Exeunt.

Manent two Drawers.

Georg. Good Lord, that master Carlo could not take heed, &
knowing what a Gentleman the Knight is, if he be angrie.

Drawer. A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our
hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Enter Macilente.

Mac. What, are they gone sirs?

George. O here's master Macilente.

Mac. Sirrah George, do you see that concealment there? that
Napkin vnder the table?

George. Gods so, Signior Fungoso!

Mac. Here's a good pawne for the reckoning; be sure you
keep him here. & let him not go away til I come again, though
he offer to discharge all; I'll retuine presently.

George. Sirrah we haue a pawne for the reckoning.

Draw. What? of Macilente?

Georg. No; looke vnder the Table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this
street, I eate not. Masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable
gone?

Looks out vnder the Table.

George. What? Master Fungoso?

Fung. Was't not a good deuise the same of me, Sirs?

George. Yes faith: ha' you beene here all this while?

Fung. O God I: good sirs looke and the coast be cleare, I'll
faine be going.

George. All's cleare Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you
must cleare and pay before you goe, I assure you.

Fung. I pay? S'light, I eate not a bit since I came into the
house yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you please sir, tis all readie be-
low that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken, not by me I hope.

Geo. By you sir? I know not that: but t'was for you and your

Euery man out of his Humor.

company, I am sure.

Fung. My company? S'lid I was an invited guest, so I was.

Draw. Faith we haue nothing to doe with that Sir, they're all gone but you, and wee must be answer'd; that's the short and they long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Masters, then would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

Georg. What, and haue such Apparell? Doe not say so, Signior, that mightily discredits your cloathes.

Fung. By Iesu the Taylor had all my money this morning, and yet I must be faine to alter my Sute too: good Sirs, let me goe, 'tis Friday night; and in good truth I haue no stomack in the world to eate any thing.

Draw. That's no matter so you pay Sir.

Fung. Pay? Gods light, with what conscience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

Georg. Yes Sir, I did see you drinke once.

Fung. By this Cup (which is *silver*) but you did not, you doe me infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once indeed, but I did not drinke.

Draw. Well sir, if you can satisfie my Maister, it shall be all one to vs. By and by.

One calls George within.

Exeunt.

GREX.

Cord. Loose not your selfe now, Signior

Enter Macilente and Desiro.

Maci. Tut sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparant, in spite of any dust of suspicion, that may be raised to dimme it: and henceforth since I see it is so against your Humor, I will neuer labour to persuaade you.

Desi. Why I thanke you Signior, but what's that you tell me may concerne my peace so much?

Mac. Faith sir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother Signior *Fung* is beeing at supper to night at a Tauerne with a sort of Gallants: there

Euery man out of his humour.

there happened some diuision amongst them, and he is left in pawne for the Reckoning: now if euer you look that time shall present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gracious & acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and presently go and redeeme him; for being her brother, and his credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall heare (as he cannot himselfe, but hee must of extremitie report it) that you came and offered your self so kindly, and with that respect of his Reputation, S'lud the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Del. Now by heauen *Macilente*, Iacknowledge my selfe exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your loue; and I am sorry to remember that I was euer so rude to neglect a friend of your worth, bring me shoes and a cloke there, I was going to bed if you had not come, what *Tauerne* is it?

Mac. The Mitre sir.

Del. O; why *Fido*, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly.

Emer Fallate.

Fall. Come, I mar'e what peece of nightworke you haue in hand now, that you call for your cloake and your shoes: what is this your Pandor?

Del. O sweet wife speake lower, I would not he should heare thee for a world.

Fall. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his treacherie, with his wild quicke-set beard there. Whither goe you now with him?

Del. No whither with him deare wife, I go alone to a place, from whence I will reiturne instantly. Good *Macilente*, acquaint not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answer, I'll come backe immediately.

Exit Deliro.

Fall. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you go, stay till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

Mac. Heare you Mistris *Deliro*,

Fall. So sir, and what say you?

Mac. Faith Ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight respect.

Euery man out of his Humor.

spect, when you shall know 'hem. (fate?)

Fall. Your intents? why, what may your intent be for Gods

Mac. Troth the time allows no circumstance Lady, therefore know, this was but a deuise to remoue your husband hence, & bestow him securely, whilst (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur *Briske*; nay comfort sweet Lady. This night (being at supper) a sort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which he (only) is apprehended and carried to the *Carter*, where if your husband and other Creditors should but haue knowledge of him, the poore Gentleman were vndone for euer,

Fall. Ay me, that he were,

Mac. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes for his deliuerie, do not foreflow it: A bribe to the Officer that committed him, will doe it.

Fall. O God sir, he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visite him presently.

Mac. No Lady, I shall do you better seruice in protracting your husbands returne, that you may goe with more safetic,

Exit.

Fall. Good truth so you may; farewell good sir. Lord how a woman may be mistaken in a man! I would haue sworne vpon all the Testaments in the world he had not lou'd master *Briske*. Bring me my keyes there mayd: Alasse good Gentleman, if all I haue in this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his seruice.

Exit.

G R E X.

Mis. How *Macilente* sweats in this businesse, if you mark him

Cord. I, you shall see the true picture of spight anon; here comes the Pawne and his Redeemer.

Enter Deliro, Fungoso, Drawer following them.

Del. Come brother, be not discourag'd for this man, what?

Draw. No truly, I am not discourag'd. but I protest to you, Brother, I haue done imitating anie more Gallants either in purse or apparell, but as shall become a Gentleman for good carriage or so.

Del. You

Every man out of his Humor.

Del. You say well. This is all the bill here? is't not?

Geor. I Sir, it is.

Del. There's your money, tell it and Brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my love to you.

Fung. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I live.

Del. What is't right?

Geor. I Sir, and I shanke you. (is paid.)

Fung. I shal haue a Captains legge said now the reckoning

Geor. You shall Sir.

Mac. Where's Signior, Delio?

Del. Here Macilente.

Mac. Hark you frsh, you dispatche this same?

Del. I marry haue I.

Mac. Well then, I can tell you news, *Brisk* is the Counter.

Del. The Counter?

Mac. Tis true Sir, committed for the turre here to night.

Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindnesse done him to his sister, which will so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that in the meane time you may clap your Action on *Brisk*, and your wife (being in so happie a mood) cannot entertaine it ill by any meanes.

Del. Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

Mac. Thinke? why'tis past thought, you shall neuer meete the like opportunitie, I assure you.

Del. I will do it Brother pray you go home afore, this Gent. and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, Ile come presently.

Fung. I will Brother.

Mac. And Signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and out of his bounty, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?) made you a man of good Reckoning; redeem'd that you neuer were posselt of; Credit; gave you as Gentlemanlike terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay I am out of those Humors now.

Q

Mac. Well,

Every man out of his Humor.

Maci. Well; if you be out, keepe your distance, and bee not made a Shot-clog no more. Come Sig. let's make haile. *Exeunt.*
Enter Briske and Pallace.

Fall. O maister *Fastidius*, what pittie is't to see so sweet a man as you are in so soure a place? *and kisse him.*

G R E X.

Cord. As vpon her lips do's shee meane?

Mis. O, this is to be imagin'd the Chamber belike?

Fast. Troth faire Lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the Fates, and next of the Constable to haue it so, but, I am patient, & indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

Fall. Nay, you shall be comforted in the more than this, if you please Sir. I sent you word by my brother Sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no?

Fast. No belecue it, sweet Creature, your Brother gaue mee no such intelligence.

Fall. O the Lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fall. O God Maister *Briske*, yes: and therefore be presently discharg'd; for if he come with his Actions vpon you (Lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score years; he kept a poore man in Ludgate once, twelue year for *sixteene shillings*. Where's your keeper, for Gods loue call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you, Lord how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No sweete mistresse, why are you in this passion.

Fall. O Christ Maister *Fastidius*, if you knew how I tooke vp my husband to day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that perswaded him to't, the scholer there, (who on my conscience loues you now) & what care I tooke to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gaue him foure So-ueraignes for his paines; and now, how I came running out hether without man or boy with mee, so soone as I heard on't; you'd say, I were in a passion indeed: your keeper for Gods sake. O maister *Brisk* (as 'tis in *Euphuus*) *Hard is the chaise, whe' on is compelled*

Euery man out of his Humor.

compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to live with shame.

Fall. Faire Ladie I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure you, that where Aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, Prosperitie shall not — Gods light your Husband.

Fall. O mee!

Enter Deliro. Macileme.

Del. It's thus!

Maci. Why how now Signior *Deliro*? has the Wolfe scene you? ha? hath *Gorgons* head made marble on you?

Del. Some planet strike me dead.

Maci. Why looke you Sir, I told you, you might haue suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha' saurd this labour of Admiration now, and Passion; and such extremities as this fraile lump of flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why do you not dote now Signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some Enchantment, *Deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuaide your selfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent: falth trie what you can doe Signior; it may bee your Imagination will bee brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

Fall. Sweet Husband?

Del. Out lasciuious Strumpet. *Exit Deliro.*

Maci. What? did you see how ill that stale vain became him afore, of Sweete Wife, and Deare heart? and are you false iust into the same now? with Sweete Husband. A way, follow him. goe, keepe stater what? Remember you are a woman turn impudent: gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the hornes, Away.

Exit Falla.
And yet me thinks you should take your leaue of *Infans-perdus* here, your forlorne hope. How now Mounseur *Brisk*: what? Friday at night? & in affection too? & yet your *Papamanta*? your delicate morsels: I perotine the affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen, pursues you where soeuer you go Mounseur.

Fall. Now in good faith (and as I am Gentle) there could not haue come a thing in this world to haue distracted mee more than the wrinkled fortunes of this poore Dame.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Maci. O yes Sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, belecue it. Signior *Delio* has entred three Actions against you, three Actions Mounſieur: marry one of them (Ile put you in comfort) is but three thousand mark; and the other two ſome five thousand pound together, trifles, trifles.

Faſt. O God, I am vndone.

Maci. Nay not altogether ſo Sir, the Knight muſt haue his hundred pound repaid, that'll helpe too, and then fixſcore pound for a Diamond: you know where theſe be things will weigh Mounſieur; they will weigh.

Faſt. O It ſu!

Maci. What doe you ſigh? this it is to kiſſe the hand of a Counteſſe, to haue his Coach ſent for you; to hang Poniards in Ladies garters, to weare Bracelets of their haire, and for euery one of theſe great fauours to giue ſome ſlight Iewell of five hundred crownes, or ſo, why tis nothing. Now Mounſieur, you ſee the plague that reads on the heeles of your ſopperie; well, goe your waies in; Remoue your ſelfe to the two-penny ward quickly to ſaue charges, and there ſet up your reſt to ſpend Sir *Puntars* hundred pound for him. Away good *Pomardo*, goe.

Exit Brike.

Why here's a change: Now is my ſoule at peace,
I am as empty of all Enuie now,
As they meritt to be enuied at.
My Humor (like a flame) no longer laſts:
Than it hath ſtuffe to feed it, and the inuettue,
Being now rak't vp in embers of their Folly,
Affords no ample ſubſtance to my Spirit;
I am ſo farre from malicing their ſtates,
That I begin to pittie them; it grieues me
To thinke they haue a being; I could wiſh
They might turne wiſe vpon it, and be ſaid now,
So Heauen were pleas'd: but let them vaniſh Vapors.
And now with *Aſpers* tongue (though not his ſhape)
Kind *Patrons* of our ſports (you that can iudge,
And with diſcerning thoughts meaſure the ſpace

Of

Euery man out of his Humour.

Of our strange Muse in this her *Maze* of Humor,
You, whose true Notions doe confine the formes
And nature off sweete *Poesie*, to you
I tender solemne and most durious thanks,
For your stretch patience and attentive grace.
We know (and we are pleas'd to know so much)
The Cates that you haue tasted were not season'd
For euery vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd
To banquet pure and apprehensiu eares:
Let then their Voices speake for our desert;
Be their *Applause* the Trumpet to proclaime
Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,
And the Greene spirits of some tainted Few,
That (sight of pittie) betray themselves
To Scorne and Laughter; and like guiltie Children,
Publish their *infancie* before their time,
By their owne fond exception: Such as these
We pawne 'hem to your *censure*, tell Time, Wit,
Or Obseruation, set some stronger seale
Of *iudgement* on their iudgements; and entreat
The happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe,
(So many as haue sweet minds in their breasts,
And are too wise to thinke themselves are taxt
In any generall Figure, or to vertuous
To need that wise domes imputation:)
That with their bounteous *Hands* they would confirme
This, as their pleasures *Patent*: which so sign'd,
Our leaue nnd spent Endeouours shall renue
Their Beauties with the *Spring* to smile on you.

FINIS.

Euery man out of his Humor.

IT had another *Catastrophe* or Conclusion, at the first Playing: which (*DIA TO TEN BASILISSAN PROSOPOPOESTHAI*) many seem'd not to rellish it; and therefore 'twas since altered: yet that a right-eyd and solide Reader may perceiue it was not so great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it; we request him but to looke downe vpon these following Reasons.

- 1 *There hath bene President of the like Presentation in diuerse Playes: and is yeerely in our Curie Pageants or shewes of Triumph.*
- 2 *It is to be conceiu'd, that Macilente being so strongly possess'd with Enuie, (as the Poet here makes him) it must be no sleight or common Obiect, that should effect so sodaine and strange a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane out of his Humour.*
- 3 *If his Imagination had discours'd the whole world ouer for an Obiect, it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthy Figure, then that of her Maiesties: which his Election (though boldly, yet respectfully) vs'd to a Morall and Mytterious end.*
- 4 *His greedinesse to catch at any occasion, that might expresse his affection to his Soueraigne, may worthily plead for him.*
- 5 *There was nothing (in his examin'd opinion) that could more neare or truly exemplifie the power and strength of her inuincible Vertues, then the working of so perfect a Miracle on so oppos'd a Spirit, who not only persisted in his Humour, but was now come to the Court, with a purpos'd resolution (his Soule as it were now drest in Enuie) to maligne at any thing that should front him: when sodainly (against expectation, and all stoock of his Malice) the very wonder of her Presence strikes him to the earth dumbe, and astonisht. From whence rising and recovering heart, his Passion thus utters it selfe.*

*Maci. Blesse, Diuine, Vnblemisht, Sacred; Pure,
Glorious immortall, and indeed Immense;
O that I had a world of Attributes,*

Euery man out of his Humour.

To lend or adde to this high *Maiestie* :
Neuer till now did *Obiect* greet mine eyes
With any light Content : but in her *Graces*
All my malicious Powers haue lost their stings :
Ennie is fled my Soule at sight of her,
And shee hath chae'd all blacke thoughts from my bosome,
Like as the *Sunne* doth darknesse from the world.
My streame of *Humor* is run out of me :
And our Citties *Torrents* (bent t' infect
The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)
Is checkt by strength and clearenesse of the *Riuers*,
Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore?
So in the ample and vnmeasur'd Flood
Of her *Perfections*, are my *Passions* drown'd :
And I haue now a *spirit* as sweet and cleere,
As the most raref'd and subtill Aire ;
With which, and with a heart as pure as Fire,
(Yet humble as the Earth) doe I implore, *He kneels.*
O *Heauen* : that Shee (whose *Figure* hath effected
This change in me) may neuer suffer Change
In her Admir'd and happie *Gouernment* :
May still this *Island* be call'd *Fortunate*,
And Rugged *Treason* tremble at the sound
When *Fame* shall speake it with an *Emphasis*.
Let forraine *Pollicie* be dull as Lead,
And pale *Inuasion* come with halfe a heart
When he but lookes vpon her blessed Soile :
The Throat of *Warre* be stopt within her Land,
And Turtle-footed *Peace* daunce faire Rings
About her Court ; where neuer may there come
Suspect or *Danger*, but all *Trust* and *Safetie* :
Let *Flatterie* be dumbe, and *Ennie* blind
In her dread Presence : *Death* himselfe admire her :
And may her *Vertues* make him to forget
The vse of his ineuitable hand.
Fly from her *Age* ; Sleepe *Time* before her Throne,

Our

Euery man out of his Humor.

Our strongest wall falls downe when she is gone.
Here the Trumpets sound a flourish, in which time *Adacilente*
converts himselfe to them that supply the place of

G R E X and speaks.

G R E X.

Mac. How now first? how like you it? has't not bene tedious?

Cor. Nay, we ha' done censuring now.

Mit. Yes faith.

Mac. How so?

Cor. Mary because we le imitate your Actors, and be out of our Humors. Besides, here are those (round about you) of more abilitie in Censure then we, whose iudgements can giue it a more satisfying Allowance: wee le referre you to them.

Mac. I? is't e'en so? Well, Gentlemen, I should haue gone in, and return'd to you as I was *After* at the first: but (by reason the shift would haue bene somewhat long, and we ore loth to draw your patience any farther) wee le intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may see I will be out of my Humor for company) I stand wholly to your kind Approbation, and (indeed) am nothing so peremptoric as I was in the beginning: Marie I will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphitrye* for all this (*St mi louis causa, Plaudite.*) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake; but if you (out of the hounrie of your good liking) will bestow it; why, you may (in time) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir Iohn Fall-staffe*.

Exeunt.

Non ego ventose plebis suffragia venor

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